

The Psalms of David

EDWARD H. SUGDEN

THE PSALMS OF DAVID

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE
IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE METRES AND
STROPHIC STRUCTURE OF THE HEBREW

BY

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Preface

The responsibility for this somewhat adventurous effort to produce a new metrical version of the Psalms in English must be cast on the late Professor C. A. Briggs. In his Introduction to the commentary on the Psalms in the International Critical Commentary he says, speaking of existing English versions: "The fault of all these versions is that they are based either upon English Versions or the Masoretic text. None of them were made with any knowledge whatever of the measures of Hebrew poetry. It is now quite possible to reproduce the poetry of the Psalms in essentially the same measures in English poetry. Scholars who have the poetic gift should undertake this task, which, when accomplished, will greatly enlarge the use of the Psalter for English-speaking peoples, and enrich their devotion, public and private, with a finer literary flavour" (Vol. I., p. cx.). Upon this hint I attempted to render a few Psalms in this fashion for the benefit of my students; though I am not conscious of the possession of any sufficient degree of the "poetic gift" for such an undertaking. However, I found that my efforts received considerable appreciation from those for whom they were in the first instance intended, as well as from other friends who were interested in Bible study; and so I have been led to complete the work.

This version is not meant for scholars, but for the average English reader, who does not know Hebrew, and would not therefore be likely to consult Prof. Briggs' or any other similar Commentary. The points which I have endeavoured to reproduce, however imperfectly, are:—(1) The varying measures used in the Psalms; (2) the strophic structure which Prof. Briggs has demonstrated to exist in all the Psalms; (3) the literary devices which have been used for their adornment; (4) the discrimination between the original Psalm and the glosses which have been added to it from time to time.

(1) The Hebrew line is determined, not by the number of syllables, but by the number of tones or stresses. Analysis shows that four different lines are employed, viz.—trimeters,

with three tones; tetrameters, with four; pentameters, with five; and hexameters, with six. In reproducing these, I have not aimed at a rigid mechanical correspondence, but at a similar general effect. For the most part I have represented the trimeter by the trochaic seven-syllable line, as used by Milton in *L'Allegro* and *Il Pensero*, with the licence of an alternative octosyllable line; or in some cases by the Iambic octosyllable (the Long Metre of our Hymnbooks); the tetrameter by the Iambic decasyllable, or blank verse line; the pentameter, by the fourteener, or ballad-metre line (the Common Metre of our Hymnbooks); and the hexameter by the Trochaic fifteener, or the Iambic sixteener (Double Long Metre). In a few cases I have allowed myself the variety of an Anapaestic line, where it has seemed more suitable to the spirit of the Psalm.

(2) Like our modern Hymns, the Psalms are arranged in verses or strophes, of varying length; and in some cases the strophes are separated by a recurring refrain. The commonest strophe is that of four lines, and its multiples, eight or twelve; next in frequency is the strophe of six lines; but there are also strophes of two, three, five, and seven lines; and a few of greater length still. In the division of the strophes I have followed Prof. Briggs, except in about half-a-dozen cases, where I have found myself unable to accept his arrangement.

(3) Of the literary devices used to adorn some of the Psalms, the most obvious is the alphabetic arrangement of the lines, so that each one begins with a successive letter of the Hebrew alphabet, as in Ps. cxii.; a plan carried out with extreme elaboration in Ps. cxix., where the eight lines of each strophe begin with the same letter. As there are only 22 letters in the Hebrew alphabet, I have been able to omit four of the most difficult of the English letters, usually K, Q, X, and Z, in my renderings; and I have followed the order of the English alphabet, not that of the Hebrew. Another device is the repetition of the same word or group of words at the beginning of each line, or of some lines of the poem, as in Pss. xxix., lxii., and cl. This is, of course, easy to reproduce. A third is an effect of assonance resulting from the repetition of the same vowel sound or sounds in each line; generally the sounds —i or —ah; this is used

right through the hundred and nineteenth Psalm; where we also find one of eight names for the Law used in each line of each strophe.

(4) As in all hymnbooks which have a long history, glosses have been added in successive editions, partly to bring the hymn up to date by associating it with present conditions, partly to elucidate obscurities, to modernize archaic words, and to make the poem fitter for common worship. When the strophic structure of a Psalm has been clearly determined, it is fairly easy to discriminate the glosses from the original text, because they interfere with the regularity of the structure, and are often in a different metre. It does not follow that the glosses are less beautiful or less edifying than the rest of the Psalm; but they do interfere with the poet's original meaning, and sometimes quite obscure it. I have printed the original Psalm in Roman type, and on the left side of the page; the glosses I have printed in italic type, and have put them in the place where they are now found, but on the right side of the page. By reading down the left side, and following the Roman type, the reader can at once get the content and meaning of the Psalm as it was first written; he can then read the glosses in their proper place, and will generally be able to see the reason for which they were inserted. Sometimes they are purely liturgical; sometimes explanatory or amplificatory; sometimes intended to generalise what was originally a personal experience; sometimes they may even correct what the glossator thinks too strong or too sweeping a statement.

(5) There may be some question as to whether I have done right in using rhyme in this version. Rhyme is very rarely used in the Hebrew; but the English reader is so accustomed to rhymed lyrics and hymns, that I think the use of rhyme will help him to realise that the Psalms are hymns, intended to be sung in public service. Whatever may be the claims of *vers libre*, it has not yet established itself as a suitable form for devotional lyrics; and it is of the utmost importance that the fact that the Psalter is a Church Hymn-book should be realised.

(6) I have prefixed the traditional headings to the Psalms. It is necessary for their right understanding to point out that the Psalter passed through a long series of editions.

First, there was a collection of Psalms, to which was attached the name of David; they were called David's Psalms, just as for a hundred years the Methodist Hymnbook was called Wesley's Hymns; not that he wrote them all, or even the majority of them; but that he was the founder of the whole system of Psalmody. The Psalms headed "L' David" ("to David") were taken from this collection. Then came special collections made by the Temple-choir-guilds; one by Asaph, another by the Korahites. From these and possibly other smaller collections the Director of the Temple Service made what may be called an authorised Hymnbook; and the Psalms taken from this are headed "For the Chief Musician;" which I have interpreted "From the Director's Psalter." Then a collection was made, substantially the same as Pss. xlii.-lxxxiii., in which the name Elohim was substituted for Jehovah as the name of the Almighty; the idea of the compiler possibly being to make the Psalms less exclusively Jewish, and more acceptable to Gentile worshippers. This is known as the Elohist Psalter. Later still, two small hymnbooks were compiled, the one a collection of Songs for the Pilgrims to the great national Festivals, and called "Songs of Goings Up" or "Pilgrim Songs;" the other a set of songs of praise, headed Hallelujah!, and known as the Hallels. From all these sources, and from other collections, or copies, including some contemporary Psalms, our present Psalter was compiled somewhere about 150 B.C. It was arranged in five books, to correspond with the five books of the Law; and the editor observed some chronological order in his arrangement of his materials. Practically all the Psalms in Book I., except the two introductory ones, are from the Davidic Psalter. Book II. included some of the Korahite Psalms, one of the Asaphite Psalms, and a further selection from the Davidic Psalter. Book III. contains Asaphite and Korahite Psalms, with a pseudonymous Psalm attributed to Ethan the Ezrahite. The Psalms in the fourth and fifth Books are mostly anonymous, but a few further Psalms from the Davidic Psalter are included, as well as the Pilgrim Songs and the Hallels. To each book was added a Doxology, which could be sung, like our *Gloria Patri*, at the end of any Psalm in the Book. In the earlier books the final editor retained certain traditional headings, which specified: (1) The character of

the Psalm, e.g., a *Maschil*, or Meditation, a *Michtam*, or Golden Psalm, a *Shir*, or Song, and so on; (2) the tune to which it was to be sung, distinguished, like our modern tunes, by some fanciful name, as "The Hind of the Dawn" or "The Lilies;" (3) the voices and instruments that were to be used in its rendering; (4) the Festival for which it was appropriate; and (5) the occasion in David's life which was traditionally supposed to have suggested its composition. These headings, it need hardly be said, are no part of the Sacred Scripture, though they are full of interest and contain much useful information for the student.

(7) The word *Selah*, which occurs frequently in the body of the Psalms, is certainly liturgical in its significance; the Septuagint translators render it as "Interlude." It occurs usually at some point where there is a break in the sense; and I am inclined to think that it was intended as a direction to the instrumentalists to play a short interlude at this point. I have therefore translated it by "Interlude;" though without any very decided confidence as to its exact meaning.

(8) Finally, I have used the form consecrated by long literary and devotional usage for the personal name of the God of Israel. Possibly *Yahweh*, or *Yahve*, may be more correct from the philological point of view; but *Jeovah* has become so definitely a part of the English language that it seems to me pedantic to alter it, especially when it is by no means certain which of the rival claimants is right.

I would again emphasise what has been said above, that this version is not intended for those who can read the Psalms in the original Hebrew. My one object is to help the English reader to study the Psalms from a fresh point of view, that he may the better realise the infinite wealth of this treasure-house of devotion. May the Holy Spirit who inspired the writers bless this version to the profit of His people!

E. H. SUGDEN.

Queen's College,
Whit-Sunday, 1922.

The First Book of Psalms

PSALM I.

This Psalm, in praise of the Law, has no title. It dates from the Greek period, and was prefixed to the last edition of the complete Psalter as a suitable introduction. It is in two six-line tetrameter strophes, with a gloss inserted between the first and second, based on Jeremiah xvii. 7, 8.

1. How happy his estate
Who walks not where the wicked walk,
Nor stands where sinners congregate,
Nor sits where shameless scoffers talk.
Jehovah's Law is his delight,
And fills his thoughts both day and night.

*He shall be like a tree that grows beside a river clear,
Whose fruit and verdure never fail throughout the circling year;
All that he doth shall still succeed
For to God's Law he payeth heed.*

2. The wicked are not so!
Like chaff they fly before the blast;
No resurrection shall they know,
Nor with the righteous stand at last.
For God directs the good man's way,
While sinners ever go astray.

NOTE.—The Hebrew canon of the Bible is divided into three sections—the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms (or Writings). It is significant, and doubtless intentional, that in the final edition of the Psalter the first Psalm is devoted to the praise of the Law, the second is a summary of the essence of all Prophecy, the glories of the Messianic Kingdom.

PSALM II.

This Psalm has no title. It was therefore not in the original Davidic Psalter, but was prefixed by the final editor of the Psalter, along with the previous Psalm, as summarizing the whole of Prophecy, as the first set forth the glories of the Law. It is certainly Messianic, and is in four seven-line strophes of trimeters, balancing each other with fine artistic effect. A couplet Gloss was added, making the Psalm more suitable for congregational use.

1. Why do the nations rage
And peoples plot—in vain!
The kings throw down their gage,
And chiefs conspire amain
 The Lord's Anointed to dethrone;—
 “Come, let us cast away his bands,
 “And burst his cords from our free hands!”
2. Seated in heaven, He scorns,
Jehovah mocks their pride;
Then in His wrath He warns
Those who His power defied,
 Declaring His unchanged decree;—
 “ My chosen King shall govern still,
 “ Enthroned on Zion's sacred hill.”
3. Jehovah said to me:—
“ My son art thou, this day
“ I have begotten thee;
“ All nations shall obey
 “ And thee their sovereign lord shall own;
 “ Shall tremble at thine iron rod,
 “ Dashed into fragments at thy nod.”
4. Be prudent then, ye kings!
Ye governors, give ear!
Regard his threatenings!
Rejoice in him with fear,
 And kiss his hands in fealty!
 Lest in his anger ye be shamed,
 For quickly is his wrath inflamed.
*O blest are they all else above
Who flee for refuge to his love!*

PSALM III.

A Psalm of David, when he fled from Absalom his son.

The first Psalm in the original Davidic Psalter. It perfectly suits the occasion specified in the title, and I see no reason to doubt its Davidic authorship. It is a Morning Hymn, and is in four trimeter strophes, of four lines each.

1. Lord, how many are my foes!
Yea, their number daily grows;
With a thousand tongues they cry,
"None can save him; he shall die."

(Interlude.)

2. Thou, Lord, art a shield for me;
Help and succour come from Thee;
Unto Thee I call, and still
Thou dost hear from Zion's hill.

(Interlude.)

3. Safe I laid me down and slept;
Waked in peace, divinely kept;
Myriads cannot make me fear;
Let them rage! for Thou art near.¹

4. Thou hast smitten them to death,
Broken out the lion's teeth;
Help in Thee I surely have;
All Thy people Thou shalt save.

(Interlude.)

1. I suspect that another Selah (Interlude) has dropped out inadvertently after this Strophe.

PSALM IV.

From the Director's Psalter. To be sung to stringed instruments. A Davidic Psalm.

This is the companion evening-hymn to the morning-hymn preceding. I see no reason to doubt that it was written by David on the same occasion. It is in four four-line strophes of tetrameters.

1. O hear me when I call, God of my right!
As heretofore, still save me by Thy might!

Ye sons of men, how long will ye despise
My honour, and delight in empty lies?

(Interlude.)

Know ye, I am the Lord's and He is mine,
And to my prayer His ear He will incline.
Tremble, ye sons of men,¹ from slander cease,
Reflect within your beds, and hold your peace!

(Interlude.)

3. Offer the sacrifice of righteousness,
Ye people, and the Lord Jehovah bless!
Pray unto Him, "Grant us Thy prospering grace,
"And show us still the brightness of Thy face!"
4. Thou hast put gladness in this heart of mine
Richer than all their stores of corn and wine.
In peace then will I sleep, and know no fear,
Though lonely, not alone; for God is here.

1. "Sons of Men" means men of high birth; "Sons of Adam," in the next Strophe, means the common people.

PSALM V.

From the Director's Psalter. To be sung to the accompaniment of Flutes. A Davidic Psalm.

This is a Morning Hymn, to be sung in the Temple by the Congregation. It is in five four-line strophes of pentameters.

1. Give ear, Jehovah, to my words, and listen while I sing;
O hear me when I call for help to Thee, my God and King
When morning breaks, I pray to Thee, and Thou dost hear my cry;
My prayer I order and await Thine answer from on high.
2. In evil Thou canst not delight, no sin can see Thy face;
Self-righteous boasters cannot stand within Thy holy place;
All mischief-makers Thou dost hate, and those that utter lies;
And men of blood and treachery are loathsome in Thine eyes.

3. But as for me, in grateful trust I enter Thine abode
And bow with reverence due before Thy holy shrine,
O God.
O lead me in Thy righteousness, for foes lay wait for
me;
Make plain Thy way before my face; my way is plain
to Thee.
4. For in their mouth there is no truth, their heart is full
of wrong,
Their throat is like an open grave, they flatter with
their tongue.
Declare them guilty, O my God, yea, let them headlong
fall!
In their transgression thrust them out, for they are
rebels all.
5. Let all who trust in Thee exult, yea, ever shout for joy;
Let those who love Thy name, in praise their raptured
tongues employ!
For Thou dost bless the righteous, O Jehovah, from
above;
Thy shield dost spread above their head, and crownest
them with love.

PSALM VI.

From the Director's Psalter. To be sung to stringed
instruments by bass voices. A Davidic Psalm.

A penitential Psalm for the congregation. It is in four
five-line strophes of trimeters, with a couplet added later to
emphasize the last verse of the original Psalm.¹

1. Lord, rebuke me not in anger,
Nor in fury chasten me;
Look in pity on my anguish;
Heal me in my misery;
For my soul is sore dismayed.

1. In this Psalm we have the first example of the assonance produced by the occurrence in every line of some form of the first or second personal pronoun suffix. I have imitated this device in the translation, in which in every line will be found one of the forms I, my, mine, me, thy, thine, thee, or ye.

2. Lord, how long wilt Thou forsake me?
O return, or I must die.
Save me in Thy loving-kindness
Lest within the grave I lie
Where to Thee no thanks are paid.
3. I am weary with my groaning,
All night long I sigh in grief,
On my couch in tears dissolving,
Vainly do I seek relief;
While my foes revile my name.
4. Leave me, O ye evil-doers!
For the Lord hath heard my cry;
He hath heard my supplication,
Yea, received me graciously;
And my foes are put to shame.
*All my enemies are baffled,
And dismayed exceedingly!*

PSALM VII.

An Ode of David, which he sang unto Jehovah concerning
the words of Cush, a Benjamite.

The fact that no such person as Cush the Benjamite is mentioned in the history of David goes to prove the correctness of the tradition here preserved. The original Ode is in two ten-line strophes of trimeters, and is purely personal. A brief gloss in the first strophe emphasises the blamelessness of the Psalmist; following it are two glosses of three and five lines of pentameters respectively, intended to make the Psalm more suitable for congregational use; the first dealing with the heathen nations, the second with the wicked in Israel. Appended to the whole is a doxology.

1. Lord, I look for help to Thee!
Save me from mine enemy!
Lest he like a lion rend me,
When none cometh to defend me.
If I have done this, O Lord,
If my hands are stained with fraud,
If my friend I have betrayed,
*Nay, I have delivered those
Who unjustly were my foes.*

Let my treachery be repaid;
 May my soul to death be thrust,
 And my honour laid in dust!

(Interlude.)

Arise, Jehovah, in Thy rage, and let Thy wrath be shown!

O rouse Thyself, my God, and make Thy promised judgment known!

Amidst the gathered peoples, take Thy seat upon Thy throne!

Jehovah doth the peoples judge.

O judge me in my righteousness and mine integrity!

Let wickedness be done away, and right established be!

A trier of the hearts and reins, a righteous God is He!

My shield is God, who ever saves the men of upright heart,

And every day is wroth with those who from His paths depart.

2. But if not, O whet Thy sword,
 Bend Thy bow, and stretch its cord!
 With Thy deadly weapons wound him,
 Yea, with fiery darts confound him!
 Lo, he travaileth with spite,
 Brings forth mischief into light;
 Deep he digs his treacherous pit;—
 He shall stumble into it!
 On his head his plot recoils,
 He is snared in his own toils!
*I will praise the Lord most high
 In my choicest melody!*

PSALM VIII.

From the Director's Psalter. To be sung to the Vintage tune.
A Davidic Psalm.

An evening hymn for congregational use. It is in two eight-line strophes of trimeters, with a refrain at the beginning and end of two trimeters.

Refrain:—Hail, Jehovah, Sovereign Lord!
Through the earth art Thou adored!

1. Thou hast set Thy throne on high;
Babes, who praise Thee, can defy
All the strength of all their foes,
Silence all who would oppose.
When Thy marvels I behold,
Moon and stars, ordained of old,
What is man, that Thou should'st care
Fellowship with him to share?
2. Thou did'st form him from the clod,
Little lower than a god;
Dower him with sway complete,
Place the world beneath his feet;
Beasts and cattle, great and small,
And the savage creatures all;
Birds, and fish that swim the sea,
Thread its paths of mystery.

Refrain:—Hail, Jehovah, Sovereign Lord!
Through the earth art Thou adored!

PSALM IX.

From the Director's Psalter. To be sung by male falsettos.
A Davidic Psalm.

This and the following Psalm are one, but the division into two parts was made for liturgical purposes. The whole Psalm consists of 22 four-line strophes of trimeters, each line of the quatrain beginning with the same letter, and the letters being in the order of the Hebrew alphabet. But it has suffered much at the hands of later editors, and it is not possible now to recover its original form. I have printed in Roman type the verses which are part of the original Psalm,

or can be conjecturally restored; the later additions are in italics. But the alphabetic arrangement has been retained so that the English reader may get some idea of the original structure of the poem.

1. A lways will I praise Jehovah,
A nd His wondrous works proclaim,
A ll my heart in thanks outpouring
A t the memory of His name.
2. B ackward Thou hast driven my foemen,
B anished them from out Thy sight;
B y Thy judgment am I rescued,
B y Thy law of truth and right.
3. C ursed are the sinful nations,
C ast into oblivion's tomb.
C ities which they built have vanished
C overed with eternal gloom.
4. D own the course of endless ages
D oth Jehovah sit on high,
D oing justice to the peoples,
D ealing out their destiny.
5. E ver like a lofty fortress
E minent Thy mercy towers;
E very one who knows will trust Thee,
E ndless confidence is ours.
6. F aithful is the God of Zion;
F ill the earth with His great deeds!
F or He is our blood-avenger,
F aithfully our cry He heeds.
7. G raciously behold my trouble!
G rasp me from the gates of hell!
G rant me life that I may praise Thee,
G oing to Zion's citadel.
8. H eadlong are the nations fallen,
H urled into the pit they made;
H e, the Lord, made known His judgment,
H eld them in the snare they laid.

(Pause, Interlude).

9. *I* n the grave they shall be hidden,
I ll-starred men, who God forget;
I ndigent and helpless sufferers
I nnocence shall rescue yet.
10. **J** ah, Jehovah, rise to vengeance!
J udge the nations in Thy ken!
J oyless Terror be their portion,
J ustly seen to be but men!

(Interlude.)

PSALM X.

11. **L** ord, why standest Thou afar off,
Leaving us in time of need?
L o! our enemies pursue us!
L et them perish in their greed!
12. **M** en of sin contemn Jehovah,
M ock aloud at His commands;
M utter scornfully, "God is not!"
M iscreants both in heart and hands!
13. **N** ever doth he see Thy judgments;
N aught recks he of any foe;
"N one," saith he, "can ever move me,
"N either shall I suffer woe."
14. **O**n his tongue dwells nought but lying,
On deceit his mouth is bent;
O penly he lays his ambush,
O verthrows the innocent.
15. **P**rivily he spies upon them,
Pounces from his secret lair,
Preys upon Thy suffering servants,
Pants to catch them in his snare.
16. **R**uthlessly he springs to seize them,
Rushes on to sate his lust;

R eckons "God hath quite forgotten;"
 R idicules His people's trust.

17. S wiftly, Lord, arise to vengeance!
 S ave Thy people by Thy might!
 S catter all these ribald scoffers,
 S aying, "God will not requite."

18. T hou hast seen our grief and trouble
 T o requite it with Thy hand;
 T rustfully to Thee we leave it,
 T hou wilt save Thy orphan land.

19. W ound the arm of our oppressors!
 W aste them utterly away!
 W het Thy sword, O King eternal!
 W ield it, and the sinners slay!

20. Y es, the prayer of Thine afflicted
 Y et shall reach Thy listening ear;
 Y ears Thy heart o'er Thy sad orphans;
 Y ea! our foes shall disappear.

PSALM XI.

From the Director's Psalter. A Davidic Psalm.

The Psalm describes an individual experience. It is in two eight-line strophes of trimeters, with a couplet appended by a later editor.

1. Lord, my refuge is in Thee!
 Why then should they say to me,
 "To the mountain fly away,
 "For the bow is bent to slay,
 "And the arrow seeks its mark
 "Under cover of the dark.
 "Law and order are o'erthrown;
 "Lo! what hath the righteous done?"¹

1. I.e., "What have the righteous been able to do to remedy this state of things?" A scornful taunt, often directed against the church in times of public trouble, as e.g., during the Great War of 1914-18.

2. In His temple dwells the Lord,
On His throne in heaven adored;
His all-seeing eye surveys
Sons of men and all their ways.
Righteous souls He vindicates,
But all wicked men He hates;
Rains upon them coals of fire,
Brimstone and a tempest dire.

*Refrain:—For the righteous He doth love;
They shall see His face above.*

PSALM XII.

From the Director's Psalter. To be sung by bass voices.
A Davidic Psalm.

A congregational prayer in four four-line strophes of tetrameters. A gnomic gloss is inserted in strope 3.

1. O save me, Lord, for kindness is no more,
And faithfulness is rotted to the core;
Each in his talk for some new lie doth seek;
With flattering lip, with double mind they speak.
2. Destroy, Jehovah, every flattering tongue,
And every mouth that boasts itself in wrong;
The man who saith, "My tongue is surely free;
" My lips are mine; who lords it over me?"
3. "For that the lowly groan, the humble sigh,
" I will arise," Jehovah saith, "on high;
" They shall be saved, though scorned by men of pride;
" Jehovah's words are pure, like silver tried.
" Through fire they shall be seven times purified."
4. Yea, Lord, Thou wilt preserve them by Thy grace
And keep them safe from this degenerate race;
Sinners may strut their hour with haughty frown;
When God arises, they shall be cast down.

PSALM XIII.

From the Director's Psalter. A Davidic Psalm.

A Psalm of personal experience. There is no reason to doubt its Davidic authorship, and it suits very well the time during which David was being persecuted by Saul. It was later adapted for public service by the addition of a doxology. It is in two four-line strophes of tetrameters, each line rhyming with the rest on the sound *i*,¹ also each line of each strophe begins with the same word, except the first line of strophe 2.

1. How long, O Lord, shall I forgotten be?
How long wilt Thou refuse to look on me?
How long must I fresh sorrow daily see?
How long be crushed by my proud enemy?
2. O Lord my God, regard and answer me,
Lest I should sleep in death perpetually;
Lest my foe say, "His end I now shall see,"
Lest he rejoice in mine adversity.
In the Lord I put my trust;
He will lift me from the dust.
I will sing His worthy praise,
For His ever-bounteous grace.

1. This rhyming effect is produced by the use in each line of some form of the first or second person of the personal pronoun affix. See note on Psalm VI., where the same device is used.

PSALM XIV.

From the Director's Psalter. A Davidic Psalm.

This Psalm is repeated in Ps. LIII. with a few minor variations; in this God is called Jehovah, in Ps. LIII. Elohim throughout. It is in five strophes of pentameter couplets. The gloss at the end was added later for liturgical reasons.

1. The fool hath said within his heart, "There is no God to fear!"
Their deeds are vile, their acts corrupt, in sin they persevere.
2. Jehovah hath looked forth from heaven upon the sons of men,
To see if any would be wise and turn to God again.

3. Alas! they all have lost their way, in crooked paths
have gone;
There is not one that doeth good, no, not a single one.
4. These ruffian sinners have no sense, my people they
devour;
They eat their bread, but never own Jehovah's sovereign
power.
5. He smote them with a sudden fear, and turned their
hosts to flight;
Jehovah put their plans to shame, and drove them
from His sight.
Deliverance out of Zion may we see!
When that Jehovah sends prosperity,
Jacob shall shout, and Israel joyful be!

PSALM XV.

A Davidic Psalm.

A didactic poem, embodying in a decalogue the duties of man to man. It is in trimeters, with an introductory couplet, two strophes of five lines each, and a single line to conclude with.

Prologue:—

Lord, who shall be Thy favoured guest,
And in Thy holy mountain rest?

1. The man of perfect righteousness,
Who speaks the truth within his heart;
Who spies not on his friend's distress;
His neighbour he doth not oppress,
Nor ever play a slanderer's part.
2. The reprobate he doth forsake,
But honours them that fear the Lord;
His oath, once made, he doth not break,
Nor usury for his silver take,
Nor damn the guiltless for reward.

Epilogue:—

He shall abide who stands this test.

PSALM XVI.

A Golden Psalm of David.

This beautiful Psalm is arranged in three eight-line strophes of tetrameters. The first and third consist of two triplets, separated by a couplet; the second of four couplets.

1. Save me, O God! for Thou my refuge art;
Thee do I own my lord with all my heart;
For all the good I have, Thou dost impart.
 Nor I alone, but all Thy saints below,—
 From Thy good pleasure all our comforts flow.
Apostates false shall perish in despair;
Their bloody offerings I will never share,
Nor with their loathsome names contaminate the air.
2. Jehovah is my joy and heritage;
For my security His truth is gage.
In pleasant places hath my lot been cast;
My title to them stands for ever fast.
Jehovah will I bless; He is my guide;
Through the dark night I still in Him confide.
Jehovah have I set before my face;
At my right hand He stands, and saves me by His grace.
3. Therefore my heart its gladness doth outpour;
My soul rejoices, of His favour sure;
Yea, in the grave my flesh shall rest secure.
 Thou wilt not leave my soul in death's dark shade,
 Nor suffer me by hell to be dismayed.
The path to life Thou wilt to me make known;
Fulness of joy is found in Thee alone,
And gladness everlasting dwells before Thy throne.

PSALM XVII.

A Davidic Prayer.

An individual prayer, adapted for congregational use. It is arranged in eight three-line strophes of pentameters.

1. O Lord, regard my innocence, and listen to my cry!
Attend unto my prayer which comes from lips that
hate a lie!
O make Thy righteous judgment plain before Thy ser-
vant's eye!
2. In justice hast Thou probed my thoughts, hast tested
me by night;
No evil motive hast Thou found; the truth is my delight;
Yea, all my works I have performed as in Thy holy
sight.
3. From all the ways of violent men I ever have refrained;
My footsteps have I planted firm in paths by Thee
ordained;
On Thee I call, O God, and know my suit will be
obtained.
4. Incline Thine ear, O Lord, and hear Thy servant's
humble cry;
O show Thy mercy, Thou who sav'st me from mine
enemy;
Thou art my refuge; keep me as the apple of Thine eye.
5. Under the shadow of Thy wings may I in safety rest
From all the foes who compass me around in greedy
quest,
Whose hearts are dead to pity, and their lips their
pride attest.
6. They fix their cruel eyes on me, in troops they march
along;
They camp beside me, and they rage like lions fierce
and strong;
Yea, like young lions eager for their prey, in hosts
they throng.

7. Arise to meet them in Thy might, and cast them down,
 O Lord!
 O save me from these wicked men, destroy them with
 Thy sword!
 Jehovah, slay them all, and be their memory abhorred!

8. Yet let them live to feel Thy might, be glutted with
 disgrace,
 And leave a heritage of woe to their succeeding race.—
 For me, I shall be satisfied when I behold Thy face.

PSALM XVIII.

From the Director's Psalter.

An Ode of David, the servant of Jehovah, who spake unto Jehovah the words of this Ode in the day that Jehovah delivered him from the hand of all his enemies, and from the hand of Saul, and he said:—

This title and the Psalm itself, with some slight variations, appear in II. Sam. xxii. There seems no reason to doubt its Davidic authorship; and if David wrote it, there is no reason to question his ability to write any one of the Psalms that go by his name, for it is one of the finest poems in the Psalter. It has been adapted for public worship by the addition of certain glosses, which interfere both with its structure and the course of its thought. The original Psalm is in two sections, each containing three fourteen-line strophes of trimeters. In each case the fourteen lines are divided into a sestet and an octet, the sestet coming first, except in the case of the third strophe of Part I., where we find two sestets, dramatically divided by a couplet, which marks the climax of the Theophany and the deliverance of the Psalmist. Note, too, the variety obtained by the different grouping of the lines in the sestets in Part I. The first gloss is not in the version in II. Samuel, and is a sort of motto for the whole poem. The two glosses between Parts I. and II. are trimeter octets, very similar in thought, and in their smug self-complacency quite out of harmony with the tone of the rest of the Psalm; the two other glosses are of less importance, but they break the structure of the poem, and are better left out.

Part I.

I love Thee, Jehovah, my Strength!

1. Lord, my Rock and my Deliverer,
My strong Fortress set on high,
Shield, and Horn of my salvation,
Tower to which in fear I fly;
Worthy Thou of endless praises,
For Thy help is ever nigh.

Death's dark breakers foamed around me,
Belial's floods in fury met;
Cords of Hell my feet entangled,
Deadly snares my limbs beset.
On the Lord I called in anguish,
Cried to God amid my fears;
And He heard me from His palace,
Yea, my crying reached His ears.

2. Then the earth with horror quivered,
Heaven's foundations trembling shivered,
Shaken by His burning wrath;
From His nostrils smoke came pouring,
Fire from out His mouth, devouring,
Kindled flames along His path.

Heaven's blue vault was riven asunder,
God descended from on high;
Rode upon His glorious Cherubs,
Yea, on wings of wind did fly.
Blackest clouds His path obscuring
Hide Him in their murky gloom;
In thick darkness ever deepening
Through the firmament they loom.

3. Then God's thunder pealed from heaven,
Yea, His voice He uttered loud;
Scattered them with fiery arrows
Flashing from the resonant cloud;
Earth's foundations were discovered
Stripped of ocean's veiling shroud.

ME with outstretched arm He saves,
Snatched from out the whelming waves!

In my need His help availed me,
'Gainst the foemen who assailed me
 In the day of my distress.
On His name I trusted surely,
And He led me forth securely
 In His gracious tenderness.

*God rewards me for my justice
 For the cleanness of my hands.
In His ways I plant my footsteps,
 And have kept His pure commands.
All His judgments are before me
 And His statutes are my law;
I am perfect with Jehovah;
 He hath found in me no flaw.*

*God doth grant my just demands
 For the cleanness of my hands.
With the perfect Thou art perfect;
 With the pious Thou art kind;
Pure art Thou with the pure-hearted,
 Stern with men of churlish mind.
Thou dost show the humble grace,
 But the proud Thou dost abase.*

Part II.

1. Thou, Jehovah, art my lantern
 Shining under night's dark pall.
In Thy strength I charge battalions;
 By my God o'erleap a wall.
God is perfect in His goodness,
 Shielding those who on Him call.

Lo! what God is like Jehovah,
 Or what rock is like our God?
Me He girds with strength for battle,
 Guides me when I march abroad.
I am, as a hind, sure-footed
 When the dizzy crags I pass;

God doth teach my hands to conquer,
Makes my arms as strong as brass.

*With the shield of Thy salvation
Thou dost still Thy servant bless;
Thy right hand supports me ever,
Strengthened by Thy gentleness.*

2. Thou dost broaden out my pathway
That my footsteps may not slip;
I pursue my foes and take them,
Seize them in relentless grip;
Smite them to the ground for ever,
And their swiftest flight outstrip.

Thou with strength for war dost gird me,
Thou dost fling my rebels down;
All my foes to flight Thou turnest,
Brought to nothing by Thy frown.
They may cry, but none will help them,
Yea, Jehovah doth not hear;
Into dust my sword shall beat them,
Trampled by the wayfarer.

3. From rebellion Thou dost save me,
Crownest me with world-wide sway;
People that I knew not serve me,
And my lightest word obey.
*Foreigners come cringing to me,
Their defiance fades away.*
Lives my Rock! to Him be praise!
Glorious in His saving grace!

God hath proved my strong Avenger,
He the nations hath subdued,
Saved me from the foes that hate me,
Vanquished the rebellious brood;
Rescued me from men of violence
And confirmed my sovereign sway.
God shall bless His own Anointed,
David and his seed for aye!

PSALM XIX.

From the Director's Psalter. A Davidic Psalm.

This Psalm is made up of two parts—the first, in two six-line strophes of trimeters, sets forth the glory of the sun, and is possibly a fragment of some old Babylonian Hymn to Shemesh, the Sun-God; the second, in two six-line strophes of pentameters, sets forth the greater glory of the Law. The couplet at the end of the first strophe of Part II. breaks the symmetry of the poem, and is obviously a gloss.

Part I.

1. The heaven declares God's glory,
 The firmament His might;
 Day tells to day the story,
 And night to following night;
 In all the earth their voice is heard;
 From sea to sea resounds their word.
2. There the sun's tent stands glorious,
 Like bridegroom's canopy;
 He runs his course victorious
 From east to western sky;
 In every quarter see him blaze!
 Nothing is hidden from his rays.

Part II.

1. Jehovah's LAW is perfect, and the soul with strength supplies;
 His TESTIMONIES all are sure, and make the simple wise;
 Jehovah's PRECEPTS fill the heart with joy, for they are right;
 All His COMMANDMENTS are most pure, and shed a heavenly light;
 Jehovah's WORDS are spotless, and they never can decay;
 His JUDGMENTS are for ever true, and shall not pass away.
 Yea, they are more to be desired than gold, even much fine gold;
 Sweeter are they than honey which the honey-comb doth hold.

2. By them Thy servant is forewarned; their keeping
brings reward;
Who can discern his faults? Cleanse me from hidden
stains, O Lord!
Restrain me from presumptuous sins, nor let them
master me;
Then shall I be a perfect man, from great transgression
free.
O let the speeches of my mouth, and musings of my
mind,
Lord, my Redeemer and my Rock, with Thee acceptance
find!

PSALM XX.

From the Director's Psalter. A Davidic Psalm.

A Litany before battle. It is in two eight-line strophes of trimeters, each followed by a trimeter couplet. The strophes would be sung by the choir leader, and the final couplets as chorus.¹

1. Solo:—God answer thee when fear is nigh,
And Jacob's God set thee on high!
Send thee deliverance from His shrine,
From Zion's hill upon thee shine!
Be mindful of thy offered grain,
Accept the bullocks thou hast slain!
(Interlude.)
Give thee according to thy mind,
And prosper all thou hast designed!

Chorus:—With jubilant voices we triumph, and
sing
Loud anthems of joy to Jehovah our
King.

2. Solo:—Jehovah's hand is now made known
To help His own anointed one.
He answereth him from heaven high
By glorious deeds of victory.

1. In the first strophe an effect of assonance is produced by the use in each line of some form of the second personal pronoun. See note on Psalm VI., where the same plan is adopted.

Chariots and horses are *their* boast,
Ours is the Lord, who leads our host;
They bow, *they* fall in evil plight,
 But *we* are risen and stand upright.

Chorus:—Jehovah gives victory unto the King;
 With joyful assurance His praises
 we sing.

PSALM XXI.

From the Director's Psalter. A Davidic Psalm.

A Te Deum for Victory, probably composed for the same occasion as the previous Psalm. It is in two strophes of twelve trimeters, each followed by a couplet to be sung as chorus; the strophes being chanted either by a solo voice or a small Choir. As in the last Psalm, there is an instrumental interlude during the first strophe, when possibly the sacrifice was offered.

1. Lord, the King triumphs in Thy might,
 Who gav'st him victory in the fight!
 Thou hast fulfilled his heart's desire,
 And heard the prayer Thou didst inspire.

(Interlude.)

With richest grace Thou dost enfold,
 Sett'st on his head a crown of gold;
 He asked for life; Thou gav'st him store
 Of happy days for evermore.

Thy victory hath made him great,
 Clothed him with royal power and state;
 With joy he stands before Thy face,
 And triumphs in Thy saving grace.

Chorus:—Yea, Lord, the King doth trust in Thee;
 His throne shall thus established be.

2. Thine hand shall find out all thy foes,
 And smite down all who thee oppose;
 In fiery furnace shall they burn
 When they behold thy visage stern.

The Lord will swallow them in ire,
Consume them with devouring fire.
Thou shalt destroy that evil breed,
And extirpate from earth their seed.

The evil they intend shall fail,
Nor shall their wicked plans prevail;
For all their armies thou shalt chase,
And shoot thine arrows in their face.

Chorus:—Arise, O Lord, in their despite,
So will we sing and praise Thy might.

PSALM XXII.

From the Director's Psalter. To the tune called "The Hind of the Dawn." A Davidic Psalm.

The original Psalm was a thanksgiving for a personal deliverance, and is in five ten-line strophes of trimeters. The first consists of a quatrain followed by a sestet; the remaining four have a sestet followed by a quatrain; and in the fourth the arrangement of the lines in the sestet is skilfully varied. Subsequently there were added—(1) A sestet, arranged as in Strophe IV., for congregational use; (2) another sestet of the same kind, partly repeated from the last part of Strophe V.; (3) a strophe of seven pentameter lines, arranged in a triplet and a quatrain, generalising the experience of the sufferer, and making it definitely Messianic. The tune to which it is set was probably a hunting song, and is referred to in the first line of Strophe V.

1. Lord, why dost Thou forsake me?
My groaning brings no aid;
Thou answerest not by daytime,
Nor in the night's dark shade.
O Holy One, Jehovah,
Enthroned on Israel's praise,
In Thee our fathers trusted,
They trusted, and found grace;
They cried and were delivered,
Thou lifted'st up their face.

2. A worm am I, scarce human,
Reproached, despised by all;
Those who behold, deride me,
They wag their head, and call,
"Let God his soul deliver,
"Nor let His darling fall!"
But Thee, O Lord, I trusted
E'en from my mother's breast;
Yea, from the womb, all helpless,
I came at Thy behest.
3. O leave me not in trouble,
For there is none to save;
Fierce bulls of Bashan bellow,
And my destruction crave;
Rush open-mouthed upon me,
Like lions ramp and rave.
Poured out am I like water,
My bones asunder break;
Like wax my heart is melted
And doth with terror quake.
4. My strength is sapped and failing,
My tongue is parched with wailing,
Dust is my winding-sheet.
Wild packs of dogs surround me,
Their cruel teeth have found me,
They gnaw my hands and feet.
My every bone is aching;
My foes in mockery stare,
Divide my clothes among them,
By lot my raiment share.
5. Thy hunted hind forsake not!
Lord, help me in this hour!
Me from the sword deliver,
And from the dogs' fell power!
From bulls and savage lions
That would my soul devour!
Thy name unto my brethren
Will I declare that day;

And in the congregation
My grateful vows will pay.

*Praise God, all ye who fear Him!
O Jacob's sons, revere Him!
All ye of Israel's seed!
For He hath not forsaken
The man by sorrow shaken,
But to his cry gave heed.*

*Amid the congregation
I'll praise the great salvation
Vouchsafed in my sore need.
The afflicted shall be feasted;
All who God's love have tasted
Will wish their soul God speed.*

*Earth's furthest bounds shall hear of this, and reverence the
Lord;
And all the kindreds of the world His mercy shall record;
The kingdom is Jehovah's, He controls it by His word.
The rich and noble of the earth shall worship at His shrine;
So shall the poor and needy ones, whose steps to death incline.
A seed shall serve Him, and shall pass the joyful message on,
And to a race, as yet unknown, shall tell what He hath done.*

PSALM XXIII.

A Davidic Psalm.

This Psalm shows an unusual structure. It is in three strophes of four lines each; the first, the Shepherd verse, is in trimeters; the second, the Guide verse, in tetrameters; the third, the Host verse, in pentameters.

1. The Lord's my SHEPHERD; nought lack I!
In grassy meads He makes me lie;
To waters cool my steps He leads,
And in reviving pastures feeds.
2. The Lord's my GUIDE; directs my paths aright;
Yea, though I walk through valleys dark as night,
I fear no danger; Thou art with me still,
Thy rod and staff protect me from all ill.

3. The Lord's my HOST, and spreads my board in presence of my foes;
 My head with oil Thou dost anoint, my cup of joy o'erflows;
 Goodness and Mercy surely shall attend me every day,
 And in God's house, a welcome guest, I will abide alway.

PSALM XXIV.

A Psalm of David.

This Psalm is in two parts. The first pictures a scene on the Temple Hill. A body of pilgrims approaches the Temple, and hears the choir within singing the praise of Jehovah. They inquire whether they may enter, and in response the choir within describes the character of the acceptable worshipper. The pilgrims joyfully assert their qualification to enter as being the sons of Jacob. This part of the Psalm is in two strophes, each made up of a quatrain of trimeters, followed by a couplet. A gloss amplifies the second line of Strophe II. The second part describes the Ark, escorted by David and his troops, approaching the city gates, as related in II. Sam. vi. 12-15. Entrance is demanded for the King of Glory, and the choir within ask who He is, and are answered by the troops without. The challenge is once more given, the question asked, and the identity of the King of Glory more fully declared. Each strophe consists of a tristich, a single line, and a couplet, all of trimeters. The second part is the older Psalm, and there is no reason to question its Davidic authorship; the first part was added at a later time, to adapt it better for the Temple service.

Part I.

(Temple Choir)—

1. The Lord is Sovereign o'er the earth
 And all its human brotherhood;
 For from the seas He gave it birth,
 And founded it upon the Flood.

(The Pilgrims)—

Who may Jehovah's Hill ascend,
 And in His holy Temple bend?

(Temple Choir)—

2. He who is clean and pure in mind;
Who hath not sought or loved a lie;
Nor hath he sworn deceitfully;
God's blessing he shall surely find,
Be saved from all iniquity.

(The Pilgrims)—

Here then we come, His chosen race,
And Jacob's sons shall seek His face.

(Interlude.)

Part II.

(David and his troops)—

1. Lift up your heads, ye gates!
Ye portals famed in story!
The King of Glory waits!

(Choir within)—

Who is this King of Glory?

(David and his troops)—

The Lord of strength and matchless might;
The Lord victorious in fight.

(David and his troops)—

2. Lift up your heads, ye gates!
Ye portals famed in story!
The King of Glory waits!

(Choir within)—

Who is this King of Glory?

(David and his troops)—

Jehovah, Lord of Hosts, say we,
He is the King of Glory, He!

(Interlude.)

PSALM XXV.

A Davidic Psalm.

This was originally an acrostic Psalm, in three seven-line strophes of hexameters. In the second and third strophes, however, two lines have been omitted and substitutes inserted. There is also a system of catch-words, which are indicated here by capital letters. A liturgical couplet has been added at the end, and another in Strophe I. In the acrostic arrange-

ment I have followed the order of the English alphabet. The strophes are arranged in a tristich and two couplets, the order being reversed in Strophe II. The catch-word occurs in the first and third lines of the tristich, and in each line of the couplet.

1. A ccept, O Lord, my heart's desire; O let me not be SHAMED, my God!
 B ecause I trust in Thee, let not my enemies fling boasts abroad!
 C ause none that trust Thee to be SHAMED; let them be SHAMED that practise fraud.
 D eclare Thy ways to me, O Lord; TEACH me the paths Thou dost approve;
 E nlighten me, and TEACH me, Thou who send'st salvation from above.
To Thee, O Lord, I pray, and wait on Thee all day.
 F orget not Thy compassions, Lord; REMEMBER all Thy love of old;
 G uilt of my youth REMEMBER not; REMEMBER me with grace untold!
2. H oly and upright is the Lord; therefore His WAY He will make known;
 I n judgment He will lead the meek, and teach His WAY unto His own;
 J eovah's paths are kind and just to him who all His laws obeys;
O pardon mine iniquity! Its heinousness my soul dismayes.
 L o! who is he that FEARS the Lord? Instruction God to him will grant;
 M ake him to dwell in happiness, and in the land his offspring plant;
 N ear to the Lord are they that FEAR His name, and keep His covenant.
3. O n Thee, O Lord, my eyes are fixed; O BRING my feet FORTH from the net!

P rotect me in Thy graciousness from sorrows that
my soul beset!

R emove the troubles of my heart; O BRING me
FORTH from all my fret!

*Consider mine affliction, and forgive the sins I
now confess!*

S ee Thou my foes, for they abound, and hate me
with fierce bitterness;

T urn unto me and SAVE me, Lord! Put not aside
my humble plea!

U phold me in my innocence, and SAVE me, for I wait
on Thee!

*O God, from all his woes redeem
Thy Israel in love supreme!*

PSALM XXVI.

A Davidic Psalm.

This Psalm is in four quatrains of trimeters. A motto has been prefixed; and two glosses have been inserted—the first at the end of Strophe III. to explain the meaning of marching round the altar; the second in the middle of Strophe IV. for liturgical reasons.

Judge me, O Jehovah!

1. Integrity doth guide me;
On God have I reclined;
The Lord hath searched and proved me,
Hath tried my heart and mind.

2. Thy kindness is before me,
And in Thy truth I walk;
I will not sit with sinners,
Nor hear dissemblers talk.

3. I hate all evil-doers;
Their haunts I will not know;
But cleansed from all defilement
Will round Thine altar go.

*With songs of glad thanksgiving
Thy wondrous works I'll show.*

4. I love Thy habitation,
 Thy glorious abode;
Let me not die with sinners,
Nor fall with men of blood,
Who still are planning evil,
Bribes are their daily food.
Because I walk uprightly
Save me and do me good!
 Yea, with the choir I'll praise Thee,
 Within Thy courts, O God!

PSALM XXVII.

A Davidic Psalm.

This is a composite Psalm. The first part is in two six-line strophes of pentameters. Two interpolations have crept into the second strophe; the first being a mere amplification of the succeeding line; the second an addition which is out of harmony with the context. The second part is in three four-line strophes of trimeters, with some glosses which break the structure of the lyric. A liturgical gloss is added at the end.¹

Part I.

1. The Lord is my salvation and my light; whom shall I fear?
 He is the refuge of my life; what then can cause me dread?
 When evil-doers, eager to eat up my flesh, drew near,
 Mine adversaries and my foes stumbled and fell down dead.
 Although a host encamp around, my heart shall never quail;
 Though battle rise against me, still my courage shall not fail.

2. One thing alone I fain would ask, and seek with eagerness;
That I may dwell within God's House, as long as life is mine;

1. Note in Part II. the assonance produced by the repetition of the first personal pronoun in each line.

To see the beauty of the Lord, and worship at His
shrine;
His covert shall conceal me in the day of my distress,
And in His tabernacle's shade in peace will I recline;
*Yea, He shall set me on a rock above my foes
malign.*
When He shall lift my head above my foemen round
about,
My sacrifices will I pay with holy song and shout.

Part II.

1. Jehovah, hear my crying,
And answer me in grace;
*Thy loving invitation
With joy I will embrace;*
To Thee my heart is saying,
"Lord, I will seek Thy face."
2. Hide not Thy face far from me,
Turn not from me away!
My Helper, do not leave me!
Thou art my strength and stay.
*Father and mother may forsake,
But God my cause will undertake.*
3. In Thy right ways instruct me,
In even ways me lead!
*Because of those who lie in wait
My footsteps to impede.*
O do not give me over
To my fierce foemen's greed!
*False witnesses against me
With cruel malice plead.*
*I trust that in this mortal life I shall God's goodness
see,*
*Wait on the Lord, I say, and let thy heart undaunted
be!*

PSALM XXVIII.

A Davidic Psalm.

This Psalm is in three four-line strophes of pentameters. A couplet based on Isaiah v. 12, and Jeremiah xxiv. 6, has been inserted after the second strophe; and a liturgical couplet is appended at the close of the Psalm.

1. To Thee I call, O God my Rock! Bestow the boon I crave!
Regard me, lest I be like those that sink into the grave!
When I my supplication make, Thy gracious ear incline,
When I uplift my hands to Thee before Thy holy shrine.
2. O drag me not away with those who, with beguiling art,
Speak peace unto their neighbours, while deceit is in
their heart!
Repay them as their deeds deserve, requite their base
offence,
According to their handiwork render them recompense!
*Jehovah's works they do not heed, His righteous acts
to men,*
*And therefore shall He break them down, nor build
them up again.*
3. Blessed be God! He answered me when for His grace
I cried;
Jehovah is my Strength and Shield, in Him I will confide.
He helps me, and my heart exults, my voice in praise
doth ring;
He is His people's strength, He saves His own anointed
King.
*O save Thy people, Lord, and bless Thy chosen
heritage,*
*Be Thou their shepherd, in Thine arms bear them
from age to age!*

PSALM XXIX.

A Psalm of David.

This Psalm describes a thunder-storm breaking over the Mediterranean, spreading east over the north of Palestine to Lebanon and Hermon, and travelling south to the wilderness of Kadesh. It is in five four-line strophes of tetrameters. Two single-line glosses have been added later.

1. Ascribe to Jehovah, ye angels of light,
Ascribe to Jehovah all glory and might!
Ascribe to Jehovah the praise of His Name;
Yea, worship Jehovah in vestments of flame!
2. The voice of Jehovah sounds over the sea;
The voice of Jehovah o'er ocean shouts free;
The voice of Jehovah peals ever more loud;
The voice of Jehovah bursts forth from the cloud.
3. The voice of Jehovah the cedars o'erthrows,
The voice of Jehovah 'mid Lebanon's snows;
Yea, Lebanon skips like a calf with affright,
And Sirion like a young bull leapeth light.
At the voice of Jehovah the lightnings flash bright.
4. The voice of Jehovah the wilderness shakes;
The desert of Kadesh in turbulence quakes;
The voice of Jehovah the wild things doth scare;
The voice of Jehovah the woods strippeth bare.
And all in His temple His glory declare.
5. Jehovah sat throned o'er the Deluge of yore;
Jehovah shall sit on His throne evermore;
Jehovah the strength of His sons shall increase;
Jehovah still blesseth His people with peace.

PSALM XXX.

A Psalm. A Song at the Dedication of the House.
A Davidic Psalm.

This is an older Psalm, prescribed for use afterwards at the Feast of the Dedication, instituted by Judas Maccabæus in 165 B.C. A sort of refrain or chorus was then inserted at the end of the first strophe, and was probably sung after

every verse. A pentameter line was inserted in Strophe 1; and a moralising couplet in the middle of Strophe 2. The original Psalm was thus in four four-line strophes of tetrameters.

1. I praise Thee, Lord, for Thou hast raised me high,
And stilled mine enemies' exulting cry;
O Lord, I cried for help and Thou didst bring salvation nigh.
Lord, from the grave Thou hast delivered me,
And from the gloomy Pit hast set me free.
*O sing to God, ye people all,
In this our sacred festival!*
2. Thy wrath is brief, Thy grace endures life-long;
At eve comes weeping; with the morn, a song.
*I do confess, in my prosperity,
I fondly thought I could not moved be.*
In grace Thou didst confirm me with Thine aid;
When Thou didst hide Thy face, I was dismayed.
3. To Thee I cried, Thy succour did I crave;
“What profit is there in the silent grave?
“Can dust declare Thy truth and faithfulness?
“Hear and be gracious, help me in distress!”
4. To dancing hast Thou turned my sad annoy;
My sackcloth loosed, and girded me with joy;
That so my soul glad melodies might raise.—
Jehovah, ever will I sing Thy praise!

PSALM XXXI.

From the Director's Psalter. A Psalm of David.

Dr. Briggs arranges this Psalm in five five-line strophes of hexameters, with glosses before and within the fifth strophe. With some hesitation I prefer to take it in six strophes of five lines each, incorporating the glosses in the text. There is an added doxology for liturgical purposes.¹

1. It will be noted that in each verse there occurs some form of the first or second personal pronoun; this produces in Hebrew an effect of assonance, which is obviously intentional. See Psalm VI.

1. Lord, in Thee do I take refuge; let me never be ashamed!
In Thy righteousness defend me, for Thy succour I
have claimed.

Be to me a fort and stronghold wherein I may safely
hide,
For Thou art my Rock and Fortress, therefore lead
my soul and guide!
From the net my feet deliver, Thou who art my Strong-
hold tried!

2. To Thy care I trust my spirit; Thou hast ransomed
me, O Lord.

God of Truth, all those who serve false idols I have
still abhorred.

In Thy kindness I will triumph; for in Thee I put my
trust;
Thou hast seen my sore affliction, wilt not leave me
in the dust;
Yea, my goings are established, rescued from the foe-
man's lust.

3. Save me, Lord, for I am troubled, soul and body waste
away;

All my life is spent in sorrow, filled with groaning
every day;

Fails my strength in my affliction, and my bones are
racked with pain;
Even mine acquaintance shun me, in the street they
flee amain;
Like a dead man I'm forgotten, like a broken vessel vain.

4. I am compassed round with terror, slander everywhere
is rife,

While my foes consult together, planning how to take
my life.

Still, Jehovah, I will trust Thee; verily Thou art my
God;

All my times are in Thy hand; O save me from their
force and fraud!

Cause Thy face to shine upon me, that Thy goodness
I may laud!

5. Let me never be ashamed; O Lord, I call on Thee to
save!

Let Thine enemies be shamed; let them be silent in
the grave

Who contemptuously taunt me, and the righteous
would outbrave.

Lord, how wondrous is Thy mercy, treasured for Thy
faithful one!

Marvels for all men to witness for Thy servants hast
Thou done.

6. In the covert of Thy presence Thou shalt hide them
by Thy grace;

From the strife of tongues they find a refuge in Thy
secret place;

Bless the Lord! In our strong city He to me His love
displays!

Though I said, beset with terror, "I am hidden from
Thine eye;"

When I made my supplication, Thou didst listen to my
cry.

*O love God! He saves the faithful, and the proud
He will reward;*

*Let your souls be strong and valiant, ye that wait
upon the Lord!*

PSALM XXXII.

A Davidic Psalm. A Meditation.

The original Psalm consisted of two five-line strophes of pentameters. A gloss was added later after the second line of Strophe 1, which disturbs the sense and metre. Then were added—(1) a couplet of thanksgiving, (2) a quatrain of teaching, (3) a liturgical quatrain of trimeters.

1. Happy is he whose sin's forgiven, whose guilt is covered o'er;

Happy is he to whom the Lord imputes his faults no more;

Happy is he whose inmost soul keeps no deceit in store.

When I kept silence, all my bones waxed old through my complaint;

Thy hand was heavy on me, and my heart was sick and faint;

For Thou didst scourge my soul with thorns, to purge away my taint.

(Interlude.)

2. My sin I will make known to Thee, my guilt I will not hide;

I said, "I will confess my fault, and in the Lord confide;"

Then Thou forgavest all my sin, didst pardon mine offence;

Therefore shall all the godly seek Thy face with confidence;

From floods of waters are they saved by Thine omnipotence.

(1) *Thou art my hiding-place; Thou wilt preserve me from annoy,*

And compass me about with songs of praise and holy joy.

(Interlude.)

(2) *I will instruct and teach thee in the way that thou should'st go,*

And with mine eye upon thy path, will counsel thee also.

O be not as the horse or mule, who have no native wit,

But must be guided in the road with bridle and with bit.

(3) *Sorrow still is sin's reward;
Joy is his who trusts the Lord.
Shout, ye righteous, shout for joy!
Let His praise your tongues employ!*

PSALM XXXIII.

This is an "orphan" Psalm, and has no title. It was probably not in the first Book of the Psalter originally, but was inserted at a late revision. It seems to have been at first arranged in four ten-line strophes of trimeter couplets; but two couplets were added between Strophes 2 and 3 to bring the number up to 22, the number of letters in the Hebrew alphabet; possibly the editor intended to rewrite it as an alphabetic acrostic, but for some reason failed to carry out his purpose. Compare Lamentations, chap. v.

1. Loud your songs, ye righteous, swell,
For it doth become you well;
In God's praise let all conspire,
Voice and psaltery and lyre;
Sing to Him a new-made song,
And with shouts the strain prolong!
Upright is Jehovah's word,
And His truth hath never err'd;
Right and justice He approves;
All that dwell on earth He loves.
2. By His word the heavens were made,
All their host His voice obeyed;
He hath fenced the watery seas,
Stored the deep in treasures.
Let the world revere His law,
Let its peoples stand in awe;
For He spake and it was done,
His commandments swiftly run.
Heathen plans He brings to nought,
And their purposes doth thwart.
*But the plans of God stand sure,
And His counsels aye endure.
Happy they whom His decree
Chose His heritage to be.*

3. God from out His heavenly place
Vieweth all the human race;
From His throne where light had birth
Seeth those who dwell on earth.
He, that formed the mind of man,
Knoweth all that it doth plan.
Kings shall not by strength prevail,
Mighty men in might may fail;
Höfsemen cannot gain the day,
Nor their squadrons' proud array.
4. But God's eyes for ever rest
On the men who love Him best;
He from death their souls will save;
Food in famine they shall have.
In the Lord our hope shall be,
For our help and shield is He.
In His Name we ever trust,
He is holy, He is just.
Let Thy grace to us be shown,
For we hope in Thee alone.

PSALM XXXIV.

A Psalm of David, when he feigned madness before
Abimelech, who sent him away, and he departed.

The incident is related in I. Sam. xxi. 11, etc., where the king is called Achish. This is an acrostic Psalm (omitting the letter Yod). It is in three seven-line strophes of hexameters; the first and second are made up of a tristich and a tetrastich; the third has a couplet enclosing between its two lines a pentastich. A liturgical tetrameter couplet is appended.

1. A t all times will I bless the Lord, and praise Him
with unwearied voice;
- B oasteth my soul in Him; O let the afflicted tell it,
and rejoice!
- C ome, magnify the Lord with me, exalt His name with
cheerful noise!

D istressed in soul I sought the Lord; He rescued me
from all my fears;

E yes that were dim are gleaming bright; for God
hath wiped away their tears.

F aintly this poor man cried, and God His servant's
prayer did not contemn;

G od's angel camps around the folk who fear Him,
and delivers them.

2. H ear ye and see that He is good, ye who in Him have
refuge sought;

I n reverence fear the Lord, ye saints, for those who
trust in Him lack nought;

J ungle-bred lions hunger sore; God's people never
lack for aught.

L isten to me, my sons, and I will teach you how to
fear the Lord.

M ayhap you love your life, and seek for length of
days as your reward;

N ever then speak an evil word, nor let your lips pro-
nounce deceit;

O leave the wrong and do the right, and follow peace
with willing feet.

3. P erdition from the face of God shall cut the bad
man's memory off!

R egardful of the righteous is the Lord, and hearkens
to their cry;

S aints have His ready ear, and He delivers them
from their distress;

T he broken-hearted He doth save, and to the penitent
is nigh.

U ncounted are the good man's woes; yet God will
give him sure success;

W ill keep his bones, so that not one is broken by
calamity.

Y et evil shall the wicked slay, and those who at the
righteous scoff.

*The Lord redeems His servants from the grave,
And those who trust Him He will surely save.*

PSALM XXXV.

A Davidic Psalm.

This Psalm consists of three ten-line strophes of pentameters; in the first and third we have two tetrastiches followed by a couplet; in the second a couplet, two tristiches, and a couplet. Additional verses have been added in later editions, which break the strophic structure.

1. Jehovah, plead my cause, and fight with those that fight with me!
Take hold of shield and buckler, Lord! rise up my help to be!
Draw out Thy spear and lance to meet those who my soul defy!
Say unto me, O Lord my God, "Thy saving strength am I!"
Let those who seek my life be brought to mockery and disgrace;
Let those who plan my hurt be put to flight before Thy face!
O let Thine angel scatter them like chaff before the blast,
And drive them into slippery paths, by darkness overcast!
*For without cause they hid their snares,
Without cause dug a pit for me;
Let ruin catch them unawares,
The snares they hid their downfall be,
And may the pit they dug be their own destiny!*
Then shall my soul be glad when I Thy great salvation see,
And all my bones will cry aloud, "Lord, who is like to Thee?"
*Thou savest Thine afflicted one from his oppressor strong;
Thy needy and afflicted from the men that do him wrong.*
2. My foes allege against me crimes of which I never knew;
Evil for good they render me, and fain would make me rue.

But lo! when they were deadly wounded, I did sack-cloth wear;
With fasting I afflicted me, and offered heart-felt prayer;
As for a brother or a friend, their troubles did I share.

But when I tripped, they all rejoiced, and gathered round in glee;
For crimes that I had never done they smote me savagely;
They gnashed upon me with their teeth, and made a mock of me.

O Lord, how long wilt Thou look on so unconcernedly?
O from these roaring lions' mouths save Thou my life so dear!
So, when the congregation meet, my thanks they all shall hear.

3. Let not my foes rejoice o'er me, wink their malicious eye!

They speak not peace, but long to break my soul's tranquillity.

They plan deceits and open wide their mouth to do me wrong;

They say, "Aha! Aha! our eyes have seen it all along!"
Thou too hast seen, Jehovah! keep not silence! make no pause!

Arouse Thyself to judgment, and awake to plead my cause!

O judge me in Thy righteousness and make their boasting void!

Let them not say "As we desired, we have his life destroyed."

Let them be covered with disgrace that triumph in my harm!

Let them be shamed who magnify the strength of their right arm!

But let them shout for joy who in Thy righteousness confide,

Yea, let them say continually, "The Lord be magnified!"

O let the Lord be magnified who gives His servant
peace!

My tongue shall sing Thy righteousness all day, and
never cease!

PSALM XXXVI.

From the Director's Psalter. A Psalm of David, the servant
of Jehovah.

This is a composite Psalm. The first part is attributed to David, and may be connected with the madness of Saul, and his plots against David at that time. The suggestion of evil is not attributed either to Jehovah or to Satan, but to Transgression personified. It is a six-line strophe of pentameters, divided into two triplets.

The second part is of much later date, and is in two five-line strophes of trimeters. The second strophe has an interpolated tetrameter line. After the second strophe is inserted a trimeter tetraschich, probably intended to link up the thoughts of the two Psalms; and a trimeter couplet, celebrating some definite victory, possibly of the Maccabean times.

A.

Transgression in the bad man's heart doth evil thoughts
endite;

The fear of God it suffers not to come within his sight;

It flatters him that his foul sin will never come to light.

His words are trouble and deceit, he walks with reckless
tread,

To carry out his bad designs he plans upon his bed;

He stands in ways that are not good, no evil doth he dread.

B.

1. Lord, Thy kindness is in heaven,

And Thy truth doth reach the sky;

Like firm mountains is Thy justice,

Like the Deep Thy probity;

Man and beast on Thee rely.

2. Lord, Thy kindness is excelling,

And the sons of men take refuge in the shadow
of Thy wings.

Richest food is in Thy dwelling,
 Thy cool waters quench our thirst;
 From Thy throne life's stream is welling,
 From Thy face doth light outburst.

*O prolong Thy loving kindness
 And Thy truth to righteous folk!
 Let not Pride strut on against me,
 Save me from my foeman's yoke!
 There my troublers all are slain,
 Fallen, ne'er to rise again!*

PSALM XXXVII.

A Davidic Psalm.

An acrostic Psalm of seven six-line strophes of hexameters. The Qoph strophe was omitted in the original, but was inserted before Strophe 7 afterwards. There is an explanatory gloss in Strophe 3.

1. A h, do not chafe o'er wicked men, nor envy those
 who go astray!
 Soon shall they wither like the grass, yea, like the
 green grass fade away.
- B believe in God, and do the right; so in rich pastures
 shalt thou rest;
 Delight thyself in Him, and He will surely grant
 thy heart's request.
- C ast thou thy care upon the Lord, and trust in His
 unfailing might;
 So shall He vindicate thy cause, and make it clear
 as noonday light.
2. D epend on God, wait patiently for Him, and do not
 vex thy soul
 Though sinners may be prosperous, and evil-doers
 reach their goal;
- E mbitter not thy soul with wrath, vex not thyself
 at any hand,
 For sinners shall be slain, while those who trust in
 God possess the land.

F or yet a little, and vile men shall perish and no more be found;

Then shall the meek possess the land, while peace and joyfulness abound.

3. G odless men plot against the just, they gnash their teeth and rage and fume;

The Lord shall laugh at them, He sees the coming of their day of doom.

H otly the wicked draw the sword, they bend their bow, those murderous bands;

*The poor and needy they would slay,
Such as are upright in the way.*

Their sword shall pierce through their own heart, their bow be broken in their hands.

I n weakness shall the righteous prove stronger than all their shouting host;

Their weapons shall be broken all, for God upholds His people's boast.

4. J ehovah watches o'er their life, and in their lot shall they abide,

In evil days shall not be shamed, in famine shall be satisfied.

L o! wicked men shall perish all, Jehovah's foes shall feel His stroke,

Shall vanish from their high estate, yea, vanish like a puff of smoke.

M ean men will borrow and not pay; the righteous gives with bounteous hand;

Those, cursed of God, shall be cut off; these, blessed of Him, possess the land.

5. N o man who trusts in God shall be o'erthrown, his way is God's delight;

Although he trip, he shall not fall; for God upholds him by His might.

O ld as I am, I never saw a righteous man forsaken yet;

With gracious hand he lends his store, and generous sons shall he beget.

P ractice not evil, but do good; and thou shalt dwell
for evermore;
For God loves righteousness, and He will never
give His people o'er.

6. R ight soon the wicked are destroyed, their seed
shall perish in despair;
The righteous shall possess the land, and dwell in
peace for ever there.

S ound wisdom doth the righteous speak, his tongue
with justice doth decide;
The Law of God is in his heart, and so his footsteps
will not slide.

T he wicked spies upon the just, and ever seeks his
life to mar;
The Lord will not forsake His own, nor find him
guilty at His bar.

U pon Jehovah wait and keep His way; so shalt thou
gain the prize;
Then, when the wicked are cut off, thou shalt behold
it with thine eyes.

7. V iewed I the wicked fierce and strong, and spreading
like a cedar-tree;
Again I passed, and he was gone; I sought him,
but I could not see.

W atch thou the perfect man and see the upright; for
his end is peace;
Transgressors all shall be destroyed, and their pos-
terity shall cease.

Y ea, from the Lord the righteous seek salvation
when they are afraid;
The Lord will help and rescue them, because to Him
they look for aid.

PSALM XXXVIII.

A Davidic Psalm. To be sung at the offering of the Memorial Sacrifice.

The original Psalm consists of five six-line strophes of trimeters. Later a verse of five pentameter lines was prefixed, to make it more appropriate as a penitential Psalm; and in this verse another couplet was afterwards inserted.

Part I.

Correct me not in wrath, and let Thine anger burn no more!
O Lord, Thine arrows pierce my heart, Thy hand doth press
me sore.

There is no soundness in my flesh, for Thou are wroth with
me;

There is no wholeness in my bones, for I have angered Thee.
The floods of sin have risen above my head;
Guilt's heavy burden fills my soul with dread.

My wounds are loathsome and corrupt for my perversity.

Part II.

1. I am bowed down with anguish,
Go mourning all the day;
My bones all ache with weakness,
My body rots away;
My strength is crushed and broken;
I groan with sore dismay.
2. All my desire Thou knowest,
My groaning Thou dost hear.
My throbbing heart doth fail me,
My light doth disappear;
My loving friends avoid me,
My neighbours come not near.
3. My foes in craft are masters,
They mock at my disasters,
And utter lies all day;
I, like a deaf man, hear not,
Dumbly I interfere not,
And have no word to say.

4. In Thee I hope, Jehovah!
 O answer, Lord, for me!
 Lest, when my footsteps stumble,
 My foes triumphant be.
 I feel my limbs are tottering,
 I grieve continually.
My sin I will not hide, Lord,
Nor mine iniquity.

5. Many are plotting treason,
 They hate me without reason,
 For good repay me wrong.
Relentlessly they seek my blood,
Because I follow what is good.
 O Lord, do not forsake me,
 To Thy protection take me,
 And do not tarry long!

PSALM XXXIX.

From the Director's Psalter—for Jeduthun. A Psalm
 of David.

This is an Elegy in two eight-line strophes of pentameters, the last line being a refrain. A tetrameter couplet and a trimeter tetrasstich have been added later.

1. I said, "I will regard my ways, and sin not with my tongue;
 "My lips shall be fast muzzled, whilst the godless round
 me throng."
 But silence brought no comfort, and my grief was still
 the same;
 My heart grew hot, and, whilst I thought, it kindled
 into flame;
 Then spake I with my tongue: "O Lord, make me to
 know mine end,
 "And see the measure of my days, how long they will
 extend."

My days are but a handbreadth, all their sum is but
a span;

Yea, surely like a wreath of mist to Thee is every man.

(Interlude.)

2. He walketh like a shadow, like the mist whirls to and
fro;

He heaps up wealth but cannot tell to whom his wealth
shall go.

And now, O Lord, what wait I for? My hope is fixed
on Thee;

Forgive my sins, expose me not to foolish ribaldry!

Dumb am I, nor will ope my mouth, for Thou hast
done this thing;

Remove Thy stroke, before my life Thou dost to nothing
bring!

Like a moth-fretted garment, I consume beneath Thy
ban;

Yea, surely like a wreath of mist to Thee is every man!

(Interlude.)

O let my supplication reach Thine ears!

Hear me, and keep not silence at my tears!

I am but Thy passing guest,

Even as my fathers were;

Look away, and let me rest!

Yea, my life in pity spare!

PSALM XL.

From the Director's Psalter. A Davidic Psalm.

This Psalm is composite. The first Psalm is in four five-line strophes of pentameters; the second, which is identical with Psalm LXX., is in two four-line strophes of pentameters. They are connected by a gloss of three lines. Both Psalms belong to the period after the Return from Babylon. The first extols the superiority of the Law to sacrifices; the second prays for help against the enemies who sought to prevent the rebuilding of the walls.

A.

1. I waited steadfastly for God, nor did He turn away,
But drew me from the horrible pit, and from the miry
clay;
He set my feet upon a rock, established thus my ways;
Put a new song within my mouth, a song of grateful
praise;
Many shall see, and fear, and set their trust on God
always.
2. O happy he who trusts the Lord, and doth in Him
confide,
Who hath not sought vain idols, nor to falsehood turned
aside.
O Thou, my God, Jehovah, many wonders hast Thou
done;
Thy wondrous deeds and purposes beyond all reckoning
run;
No man is able to recount and tell them, every one.
3. In offerings Thou hast no delight; for so Thou hast
declared;
Thou dost not ask for sacrifice that is with sin impaired;
Lo then! I come to do what is prescribed within the
Roll;
Thy will is my delight, Thy Law is written in my soul;
Thy righteousness I have proclaimed; my lips Thou
dost control.
4. O Lord, Thou know'st that I will not conceal Thy
righteousness;
Thy faithfulness and saving grace I will to all confess;
Thy kindness and Thy faithfulness I will to men
make known,
So unto me, O Lord, I know, Thy mercy will be shown,
And through Thy Grace and Faithfulness I shall not
be o'erthrown.

*Evils have compassed me about, in number in-
finite;*

*My sins have overtaken me, and dimmed my inward sight;
Countless as hairs upon my head, they fill me with affright.*

B.

1. Jehovah, haste to help me, O deliver me from strife!
Confound and put to shame all those who seek Thy servant's life!
Let them be humbled and abashed who gloat o'er my distress!
Disgrace and make them desolate, who mock my feebleness!
2. Let those exult and shout for joy who in Thy Name confide!
Let those who love Thy mercy say, "The Lord be magnified!"
Though I am poor and needy, I am dear to God my King!
My Helper and Deliverer, make Thou no tarrying!

PSALM XLI.

From the Director's Psalter. A Psalm of David.

Originally a personal Psalm, quite possibly referring to the treachery of Ahithophel (II. Sam. xv.-xvii.); in later times it received a national interpretation. Our Lord quotes it (John xiii. 18) in reference to Judas Iscariot. It is in four five-line strophes of pentameters, with a couplet added to the first strophe to make the transition from the third to the first person easier.

1. Happy is the poor and lowly, if he to his ways takes heed!
In the day of his sore trouble may the Lord supply his need!
May the Lord preserve his life and make him prosperous in the land!
May He never give him over to his greedy enemies' hand!

Yea, may He sustain his soul, and in sickness make him whole!

*Hear my prayer! O Lord, forgive!
Let the penitent sinner live!*

2. Lo, mine enemies are saying that I am in evil case;—
“Soon his name will be forgotten, he shall perish from his place.”

Even if he come to see me, nothing doth he speak but lies;

He is ever hatching scandal, slanders doth his heart devise;

When he gets outside my gates, all the story he relates.

3. All that hate me speak against me, whispering of my disgrace;

Spitefully they keep me proclaiming that I am in evil case;—

“Sure some deadly poison hath he swallowed; on his bed he lies

“Stricken with a mortal sickness; nevermore shall he arise!”

Yea, the man who ate my bread, bitterest things of me hath said.

4. But, O Lord, be gracious to me, heal me in my foes' despite!

For by this I shall be certain that Thou dost in me delight;

So mine enemies shall never shout in triumph over me,
But Thou shalt uphold Thy servant, firm in mine integrity.

Thou shalt grant my soul a place evermore before Thy face!

General Doxology.

(This could be used after each Psalm in the Book, just as we now chant the Gloria after each Psalm in the Service.)

O bless the God of Israel, Jehovah is His Name!
From age to age in joyful song His endless praise proclaim!

Amen and Amen.

The Second Book of Psalms

PSALMS XLII. and XLIII.

From the Director's Psalter. A Meditative Psalm of the Sons of Korah.

These two Psalms are really one, and should not be divided. There are three nine-line strophes of pentameters; the first consisting of a tetrastich, distich, and tristich; the second of a tetrastich, tristich, and distich; and the third of a distich, tristich, and tetrastich. Each has a three-line refrain.

Psalm XLII.

1. Like as the hart that panteth for the cooling water-brook,

So pants my soul, O Lord, for Thee, upon Thy face to look.

My soul is sore athirst for God, God of my life and light, O when shall I be suffered to appear before Thy sight?

Both day and night continually my tears have been my food,

While all day long they say to me, "Ah, where is now thy God?"

The crown of all my sorrow is remembering happier days,

When to Jehovah's glorious House I went to offer praise, And with the shouting pilgrim-throng my grateful voice to raise.

Refrain:—O why are thou cast down, my soul, why still be sorrowing?

Hope in the Lord, for I shall yet His glorious praises sing;

For by His saving grace to me He shall deliverance bring.

2. Within me is my soul cast down; to Thee I turn me still From Hermon's mount and Jordan's springs, and Mizar's lofty hill.

Deep calleth unto deep again; Thy cataracts thunder down;
 Thy waves and billows dashing high are like my soul to drown.

Yet day by day my prayer shall rise, God of my life, to Thee;
 To God my Rock I cry, "How long shall I forgotten be?
 "Why must I still go mourning whilst my foe oppresses me?"

With murderous mace they crush my bones; my enemies combine
 To vex my soul with daily taunts, "Where is this God of thine?"

Refrain:—O why are thou cast down, my soul, why still be sorrowing?

Hope in the Lord, for I shall yet His glorious praises sing;
 For by His saving grace to me He shall deliverance bring.

Psalm XLIII.

3. Judge me and plead my cause, O God, 'gainst my vindictive foes!

To save me from their treachery in mercy interpose!

God of my strength, O why dost Thou reject me utterly?
 Why must I still go mourning whilst my foe oppresses me,

And daily asks, "Where is thy God?", mocking my misery?

Send forth Thy light and faithfulness, O let them lead me still,

And bring me to Thy dwelling-place on Zion's holy hill!
 Then to Thine altar will I come, O God, who art my Joy,
 And in glad songs of tuneful praise my voice and lyre employ.

Refrain:—O why are thou cast down, my soul, why
still be sorrowing?
Hope in the Lord, for I shall yet His
glorious praises sing;
For by His saving grace to me He shall
deliverance bring.

PSALM XLIV.

From the Director's Psalter. A Meditative Psalm of the
Sons of Korah.

The original Psalm consists of four eight-line strophes of trimeters, and seems to belong to some time of national defeat and disaster, probably during the Persian period. Glosses have been added to the first strophe, which make the first part of the Psalm, as far as the Interlude, suitable for general worship. Glosses, apparently of the Maccabean times, have been added to Strophes 2 and 3.

1. Lord, our ears have heard of old
The story that our fathers told;
All the wonders Thou didst show
In the days of long ago.
How the tribes of Canaan fled,
And they were planted in their stead.
Not their sword the land obtained;
Not their arm the victory gained;
But Thine hand and arm of grace,
And the shining of Thy face.

O God, Thou art my King!
For Jacob dost Thou fight!
My sword and bow no victory bring;
My trust is in Thy might.

Through Thee we charge our enemies
And trample down our foes;
For Thou hast vanquished and disgraced
All who against us rose.
O Lord, we praise Thee all the day,
And bless Thy glorious Name alway!

(Interlude.)

2. Now before our foes we flee,
And they spoil us ruthlessly.
But now hast Thou rejected us, and we are put to flight;
No longer with our marching hosts dost Thou go forth to fight.
Like sheep unto the shambles Thou hast caused us to be driven,
And scattered us, O Lord, amongst all peoples under heaven.

Thou hast sold Thy folk for nought;
Little gain the bargain brought!
Our neighbours round deride and sneer,
At our fallen fortunes jeer;
Taunt us in their mocking songs,
Shake their head at our sore wrongs.

My shame is still before my face,
Yea, I am covered with disgrace,
Because of him who mocks my woe,
My pitiless, blaspheming foe.

3. Yet we still remember Thee
With unshaken loyalty;
Thy Covenant we keep in mind,
Nor from Thy ways have we declined.
Where the jackals prowl we lie,
And in densest darkness die;
But if we have forgotten Thee, or to strange gods bowed down,
Will not Jehovah search this out, to whom all hearts are known?

For Thy sake we lose our life,
Slaughtered by the butcher's knife.

4. Rouse Thyself, no longer sleep!
Cast not off Thy helpless sheep!
Why still hidest Thou Thy face
From our anguish and disgrace?
In the dust our soul doth lie,
Prostrated in misery;
To our help, O Lord, awake!
Save us for Thy mercy's sake!

PSALM XLV.

From the Director's Psalter. To the tune "Lilies." A Psalm of the Sons of Korah. A Meditation. An Epithalamium.

This Psalm was evidently written for the marriage of a King. The traditional view that the King was Solomon is hardly consistent with the second strophe, which speaks of him as a valiant and successful warrior. The Queen was apparently a Tyrian princess, and this rather suggests that Ahab was the King. Dr. Briggs identifies him with Jehu. The Psalm consists of a couplet of tetrameters, a sextett of trimeters, and an eighteen-line strophe of tetrameters, divided into three six-line sections. Each of the three strophes is followed by a refrain. There is an introductory gloss; another at the end of the second strophe, giving to the Psalm a Messianic reference; and two couplets at the end, celebrating the continuance of the royal line. The curious invocation of the King as "Oil of joy" is thoroughly Oriental.

*My heart conceives a goodly thing;
My poem is about a King,
And like a ready writer's pen, my tongue is apt to
sing.*

1. Beyond the sons of men thou art most fair;
Grace to thy lips doth ever make repair;
Refrain:—Yea, God hath blessed thee for evermore!
2. Gird thy sword upon thy thigh
In thy might and majesty!
Ride on to conquer! Bend thy bow!
Terrible deeds thine hand shall show;
Hero, let thy flying dart
Pierce thy foemen to the heart!
*Thy throne, O mighty God, for ever stands;
The righteous sceptre well becomes Thine hands;
Kind to the good, stern to the vile, are Thy commands.*
Refrain:—God His anointing oil on thee doth pour.
3. (a) O Oil of joy, beyond the reach of thought,
My cassia and mine aloes and my myrrh!
From ivory palaces thy robes were brought,
Where royal princesses thy couch prepare.
Flashing with jewels, lo, the Queen doth stand,
In mantle rich with Ophir's gold, at thy right hand.

(b) O Lady, hear and see, incline thine ear!
 Forget thy people and thy father's house!
 The King desires thy beauty shining clear;
 To him, thy Lord and Master, plight thy vows!
 Tyre's daughter with a gift shall do thee grace,
 Whilst her rich merchants throng to see thy lovely
 face.

(c) The Princess comes within the royal hall!
 Her precious raiment all with gold inwrought;
 In rich embroidery her maidens all
 Into the presence of the King are brought;
 With gladness and rejoicing do they throng,
 And all the palace rings with their exultant song!

*Thy sons shall carry on thy father's race,
 And through the world as princes take their
 place.*

*All generations shall recall thy fame,
 And in their stories celebrate thy name.*

Refrain:—Therefore the people praise thee evermore!

PSALM XLVI.

From the Director's Psalter. A Psalm of the Sons of Korah.
 To be sung by falsetto male voices. A Song.

This noble lyric dates from the days of Hezekiah, or perhaps Josiah. It is in three six-line strophes of tetrameters, each having a refrain of two lines. The gloss in Strophe 3 spoils the symmetry of the structure, and was added by some later editor.

1. God is ours, our strength and refuge,
 In our trouble ever near;
 Though earth quake and mountains totter,
 We will never yield to fear;
 Though the seas may swell and thunder,
 And the highest hills o'erpeer.

For we trust Jehovah's power;
 Jacob's God is our high tower.

(Interlude.)

2. Living waters, ever flowing,
Cheer God's city with their stream;
In her midst Jehovah dwelleth,
Bringing help with morning's gleam.
At His voice the peoples' fury
Dies, forgotten as a dream.
For we trust Jehovah's power;
Jacob's God is our high tower.

(Interlude.)

3. Come and see His works of wonder,
How His foes He hath o'erthrown;
Bows He breaks and spears He shatters,
Chariots in the fire are thrown,
Wars cannot assail His throne.
"Be ye still," saith He, "ye nations!
"Know that I am God alone!"
For we trust Jehovah's power;
Jacob's God is our high tower.

(Interlude.)

PSALM XLVII.

From the Director's Psalter. A Psalm of the Sons of Korah.

This Psalm was intended to be used in the procession to the Temple at the Feast of Trumpets. It is in five four-line strophes of trimeters.

1. Clap your hands, ye peoples all,
Praise the Lord with trumpet-call!
Reverence Him in holy mirth!
He is King of all the earth.
2. He the nations holds in thrall;
Yea, beneath His feet they fall;
For His heritage He owns
Jacob's well-beloved sons.

(Interlude.)

3. Zion's hill He doth ascend,
While our shouts and trumpets blend;
Sing ye praises to the Lord!
Praise our King with one accord!
4. Praise Him both with heart and mind!
He is King of all mankind;
O'er the nations rules alone,
Seated on His sacred throne.
5. All earth's nobles Him acclaim
With the sons of Abraham;
Arm-ed warriors homage pay,
Own with us His sovereign sway!

PSALM XLVIII.

A Song. A Psalm of the Sons of Korah.

This Psalm is in four four-line strophes of pentameters. There is a gloss introducing the somewhat incongruous idea of God's power at sea; and a concluding couplet for liturgical use. The reference in Strophe 2 is doubtless to the defeat of Sennacherib.

1. Our God is greatly to be praised within Jerusalem;
His holy hill arises fair, the joy of all the earth;
Mount Zion crowns its northern ridge, like royal diadem;
Jehovah in her citadels displays His warlike worth.
2. For lo! the kings assembled and they marched along
amain;
They saw and were astonished; yea, they fled in dire
dismay;
They trembled like a woman writhing in her travail-
pain;
*The ships of Tarshish Thou didst break upon the
furious main;*
As we have heard, so have we seen; God saveth her
alway.

(Interlude.)

3. Within Thy palace, Lord, in Thy great kindness we rejoice;
As is Thy name, so is Thy praise to earth's remotest bound;
Thy right hand deals out judgment; Zion lifts her jubilant voice,
And with her daughters' songs of praise the temple-courts resound.
4. Go, compass Zion round about, and count her lofty towers;
Consider well her ramparts, and her citadels behold!
Then tell the generation that shall follow after ours
That still Jehovah is our God, as in the days of old.
*Jehovah will our footsteps guide
As long as we on earth abide.*

PSALM XLIX.

From the Director's Psalter. A Psalm of the Sons of Korah.

This Psalm deals with the enigma of death. It consists of two fourteen-line strophes of trimeters, arranged in an octet and sestet, followed by a sestet and octet. There is an introductory gloss of eight trimeters; and couplet glosses have been inserted in each strophe. A couplet refrain follows each strophe.

*Give ear to this, ye peoples,
Ye dwellers on the earth!
Both rich and poor together,
Of high or lowly birth.
My mouth speaks holy wisdom,
Prudence shall me inspire;
I will expound a riddle
And sing it to my lyre.*

1. Why should I fear the plottings
Of my deceitful foes?
They boast themselves in riches
And on their wealth repose.

Man cannot give a ransom,
 Or pay the Lord a price,
Costly is life's redemption,
And baffles man's device,
 That he may live for ever,
 Or from the grave arise.

Both those who wisdom cherish,
 And fools alike must perish
 And leave their wealth and fame;
 The grave must be their dwelling,
 Though, with vainglory swelling,
 They gave their lands their name.

Refrain:—Man abideth not in worth,
 But, like the beasts, returns to earth.
 (Interlude.)

2. The fools who lay up treasure,
 And find on earth their pleasure,
 Like sheep at last must die;
 Their shepherd, Death, shall guide them,
 And in his dark fold hide them,
 Far from the cheerful sky.
God will redeem me from the grave,
And welcome me on high.

(Interlude.)

Fear not when one gains riches,
 And grows in worldly fame!
 He cannot take it with him;
 Death shall his glory shame.
 Though with self-gratulation
 He gloried in his might,
 Yet, gathered to his fathers,
 He never shall see light.

Refrain:—Man abideth not in worth,
 But, like the beasts, returns to earth.

PSALM L.

A Psalm of Asaph.

This Psalm describes a Theophany in which Jehovah shines forth from Zion, and summons the universe to hear His judgment of His people for breaking His covenant. It is in three six-line strophes of hexameters, each followed by a refrain of two lines. A glossator has added a half-line of introduction to the third strophe; and a minatory gloss of two lines has been appended to the last strophe. The first four lines of Strophe 1 are in introverted parallelism; the rest is in synthetic couplets.

1. Jehovah speaks, and calls the earth from east to west before His face.

From Zion, that most beauteous hill, He cometh,
clothed with dazzling light;

Around Him threatening thunders peal, lightning before Him flashes bright;

He calls the heavens above, that they may hear Him judge His chosen race.

"Gather my godly ones," saith He, "who to my covenant set their name,

"And let the heavens declare that God His righteous judgment will proclaim.

(Interlude.)

"Attend, my people! I will speak; hear, Israel, my just demand!

"I am the Lord thy God, who brought thee forth from Egypt by My hand."

2. "No more peace-offerings I desire, nor sacrifices multiplied;

"I ask no bullock from thy herd, nor he-goats from thy pastures wide;

"For Mine are all the forest-beasts, the thousand cattle on the plains;

"All birds that fly in heaven, all things that move on earth My hand sustains.

"I need not ask for food from thee; the world is Mine and all its good;

"Shall I devour the flesh of bulls, or quench My thirst with he-goats' blood?

"Offer the sacrifice of praise, and pay thy plighted
vows to Me!"

"Call on Me in the day of need, and I will surely
rescue thee!"

Unto the wicked God speaks thus:—

3. "But why dost thou recite My laws, and quote My
covenant? Alack!

"Thou, who hast hated discipline, and cast My words
behind thy back!

"Thou wast confederate with thieves, and with adul-
terers didst eat;

"Thy mouth hath spoken spitefully, thy tongue doth
ever frame deceit;

"Thou sittest down to slander thine own brother, yea,
thy mother's son;

"Thou thinkest I am like thyself, because I let these
things be done!"

*Ye that forget the Lord, take heed, nor dare His
kindled wrath to brave!*

*Lest He should tear you limb from limb, and there
be none at hand to save!*

"I will convict thee of thy sin, and make it clear
for all to see;

"But that man will I surely save, who offers grateful
praise to Me."

PSALM LI.

From the Director's Psalter. A Psalm of David; when
Nathan the prophet came unto him, after he had
gone in to Bath-sheba.

I see no reason for questioning the tradition embodied in the title. The Psalm, with its definite allusions to adultery and murder, fits the historical situation perfectly. Of course, the last two verses are no part of the original Psalm, but were added in the time of Nehemiah, partly in reference to his great work in the building of the city-walls, partly to correct what seemed to the editor the dangerous teaching of verse 16 as to sacrifices, which he flatly contradicts. Assum-

ing that the last two verses are an editorial addition, the Psalm falls into six six-line strophes of trimeters; a better arrangement than Dr. Briggs's, which makes it four ten-line strophes.

1. O Lord, be merciful to me!
In pity blot out all my sin!
Wash me from mine iniquity,
And make, O make me clean within!
My trespass I do not disguise;
My sin is still before mine eyes.
2. Against Thee only have I sinned,
And done this evil in Thy sight;
Thine ancient laws are just and good,
And all Thy judgments are most right.
Behold, in sin I was conceived;
My birth-taint still to me hath cleaved.
3. In purest thoughts Thou dost delight;
My secret parts must wisdom know.
Purge me with hyssop from my stains!
Wash me, and make me white as snow!
O let me hear Thy pardoning voice!
So shall my broken bones rejoice.
4. Hide Thou Thy face from my foul sin,
And keep it not before Thy view!
My heart transform to purity,
And all my guilty soul renew!
O cast me not in wrath away,
But let Thy Spirit with me stay!
5. Let me rejoice in saving grace!
Uphold me with Thy Spirit free!
Then will I teach the world Thy ways,
And sinners shall return to Thee.
O save me from blood-guiltiness!
My tongue shall then Thy praise express.
6. Open, O Lord, my faltering lips
That so my mouth may speak Thy praise!
In offerings Thou hast no delight,
Nor in the smoking altar's blaze;

A broken heart's the sacrifice
That Thou, O God, wilt not despise.

*Let Zion prosper in Thy gracious sight!
Do Thou rebuild Jerusalem's strong walls!
In sacrifices then Thou shalt delight,
While slaughtered bullocks grace Thy solemn festivals.*

PSALM LII.

From the Director's Psalter. A Meditation of David; when Doeg the Edomite came and told Saul, and said unto him, "David is come to the house of Ahimelech."

The incident is related in I. Sam. xxii. 9. The Psalm fits the alleged occasion quite well; the chief difficulty is the reference to the temple in verse 8. But it is possible that this was a later insertion, such as often occurs in hymns, to bring it up to date. The original may have been "in the presence of God," which to a later editor suggested the temple.

The Psalm is in two six-line strophes of pentameters, the first being a tetrastich and couplet, the second two tristiches. A gloss of two lines is added.

1. O mighty man, why boastest thou of mischief all day long?

Thou plannest ruin, like a whetted razor is thy tongue.
Thou lovest evil more than good, and lying more than right;

(Interlude.)

Thou lovest all malicious words; thy tongue is full of spite.

God in return shall pull thee down, and snatch thee quite away;

Shall pluck thee from thy tent, and banish from the light of day.

(Interlude.)

2. This shall the righteous see with awe, and mock at his expense;—

"Behold the man who would not make Jehovah his defence,

"But trusted in his riches, and in them placed confidence."

But I stand in God's temple, like a fruitful olive-tree,
And in the mercy of the Lord I trust continually;
Give thanks for all that Thou hast done, and wait Thy
grace to see.

*For this is surely good and right
In all Thy faithful servants' sight.*

PSALM LIII.

From the Director's Psalter. To the tune "For wounding;"
A Meditation of David.

This Psalm is identical with Psalm xiv., except that in it "Elohim" replaces "Jehovah" as the Divine Name; and that the final couplet is expanded here into a triplet with a different meaning. It is in four strophes of pentameter couplets, followed by a triplet. There is also a liturgical gloss at the end.

1. The fool hath said within his heart, "There is no God to fear!"
Their deeds are vile, their thoughts corrupt, in sin they persevere.
2. God from high heaven hath look-éd forth upon the sons of men
To see if any would be wise and turn to Him again.
3. Alas! they all have lost their way, in crooked paths have gone;
There is no one that doeth good, no, not a single one.
4. These ruffian sinners have no sense, my people they devour;
They eat their bread, but never own our God Almighty's power.
5. Then panic smote them, though there was no cause for fear at all;
God scattered wide the bones of him who camped around thy wall.
Because God had rejected them, they took a shameful fall.

*Deliverance out of Zion may we see!
When God restoreth our prosperity,
Jacob shall shout, and Israel joyful be.*

PSALM LIV.

From the Director's Psalter. To be sung to stringed instruments. A Meditation of David, when the Ziphites came and said to Saul, "Doth not David hide himself with us?"

The incident is related in I. Sam. xxiii. 19. Excluding verse 6 as a later gloss, the Psalm is appropriate enough to the situation, and I see no reason to question its Davidic origin. It is in two six-line strophes of trimeters, with a liturgical gloss of two lines in Strophe 2. The occurrence in every line of "my," "mine," "me," "thy," "thine," "thee," gives an effect of assonance which is even more striking in the Hebrew than in the English translation.

1. Save me by Thy name, Jehovah,
Judge me in Thy might!
Hear my prayer, let me find favour
In Thy gracious sight!
For the proud have risen against me,
To destroy me quite.

(Interlude.)

2. Lo, Jehovah is my helper!
He upholds my right.
Let my wary foe be smitten,
Driven from me in flight!
I will bring a free-will offering
And Thy care requite.
In my enemy's destruction
Let mine eyes delight!

PSALM LV.

From the Director's Psalter. To be sung to stringed instruments. A Meditation of David.

This Psalm is in two quite distinct parts. The first part is in three four-line strophes of trimeters, and an effect of assonance is secured by the use in each line of some form of the first or second personal pronoun. (See Psalm vi.) The metre and assonance rather suggest a connection with the previous Psalm, of which it may have been originally the second part. The second part is in three five-line strophes of pentameters, with glosses in the second and third strophes, and a brief liturgical conclusion. The treacherous friend of the Psalmist is identified by Jewish tradition with Ahithophel; see I. Sam. xv. But the first strophe rather suggests such a condition of things as obtained in the time of Jeremiah; and some have identified the false friend with Pashur; see Jer. xx.

A.

1. Hear, O Lord! to Thee I pray!
Turn not from my suit away!
O attend and answer me,
For I groan in misery.

*My enemies uplift their voice, they persecute me sore;
They heap false charges on my head, and hate me more and more!*

2. Lo! my heart is on the rack!
Terrors huddle on my back;
Fears encompass me about,
Yea, I quake with restless doubt.
3. O that I had pinions light!
Like a dove would I take flight,
Haste away from my distress,
Hide me in the wilderness.

(Interlude.)

B.

1. With a tempestuous blast, O Lord, divide their babbling tongues!
For in the City nought is seen but outrages and wrongs;

Trouble and Mischief, day and night, stand sentry on
her walls,

Impending Ruin in her streets the wayfarer appals,
And all her open squares resound with fierce disputes
and brawls.

2. 'Tis not a foe that taunts me thus, or I could flee away;
Nor one that feeds an ancient grudge, which patience
might allay;

But thou, my comrade and my friend, with whom I
used to dwell;

We held sweet conference as we walked, I loved thee
passing well.—

May death entrap them, may they all go down alive
to Hell!

*For Evil lodges in their house, and holds them 'neath
its spell.*

*But as for me, to God who saves I pray and never
faint;*

*At eve and morn and noon-day's hour I utter my
complaint.*

*He heard my voice and ransomed me from all my
foes in peace;*

*Although they pressed me hard in fight, and daily
did increase.*

*May He who sits enthroned on high requites them
with His rod!*

*For He will never change His mind towards those
who fear not God.*

(Interlude.)

3. He raised his hand against his friend, forgot his plighted
words;

Yea, war was in his mind, although his face was smooth
as curds;

His speeches were as soft as oil, yet were they flashing
swords.

*Cast thou thy care upon the Lord, His faithfulness
is proved;*

*For He will nevermore allow the righteous to be
moved.*

O fling them into Hell's dark pit in terror and amaze!
Let not these men of blood and treason live out half
their days!

*But as for me,
I trust in Thee!*

PSALM LVI.

From the Director's Psalter. To the tune of "The silent dove
of them that are afar off." A Golden Psalm of David,
when the Philistines took him in Gath.

The incident referred to is recorded in I. Sam. xxi. 10, 11. The language and style are ancient, and I see no reason to doubt that the tradition embodied in the title is correct. The Psalm is in four six-line strophes of trimeters, with a refrain of three lines at the close of each. The copyst has omitted the refrain after the second and fourth strophes, but it must be restored.

1. Help me, Lord, for men oppress me,
Fight against me all day long;
All day long my foes distress me,
Many are they, fierce and strong;
I will trust in God Most High
In the day when fear is nigh.

Refrain:—Of the Lord I boast in song;
God is just, Him I trust;
How can flesh then do me wrong?

2. All day long with words they vex me,
Endless plans against me make;
By their subtle wiles perplex me,
Spy on every step I take;
For my life their plots are laid;
Let their malice be repaid!

Refrain:—Of the Lord I boast in song;
God is just, Him I trust;
How can flesh then do me wrong?

3. All my tears, O Lord, Thou knowest,
They are treasured in Thy flask;
Those who hate me Thou o'erthrowest,
Grantest me the boon I ask.

God is my defender strong,
Of the Lord I boast in song.

Refrain:—Of the Lord I boast in song;
God is just, Him I trust;
How can flesh then do me wrong ?

4. All the vows I meditated
Gratefully I now will pay.
Thou my life hast vindicated;
Saved my feet from going astray.
I will walk before Thy sight
In the land of life and light.

Refrain:—Of the Lord I boast in song;
God is just, Him I trust;
How can flesh then do me wrong ?

PSALM LVII.

From the Director's Psalter. To the tune "Destroy." A Golden Psalm of David, when he fled from Saul, in the cave.

This Psalm is made up of two quite distinct poems. It is to the first only that the title applies. The cave intended may be the cave of Adullam (I. Sam. xxii. 1) or the cave of Engedi (I. Sam. xxiii. 29). This Psalm is in three four-line strophes of trimeters; glosses have been inserted in the second strophe, and at the end of the third; this last, however, has been displaced in the text, and made to follow the introductory refrain of the second Psalm. This second Psalm, which is repeated in Psalm cviii. 1-5, is a morning hymn to be sung in the Temple; like Psalm viii., it is begun and ended with a refrain. It is in two four-line strophes of trimeters.

A.

1. O be gracious, Lord, be gracious!
For to Thee my spirit clings;
From my trouble I find refuge
In the shadow of Thy wings.

2. I will cry to God Almighty
Who my soul doth ever bless;
May He send from heaven to save me!
With their taunts my foes outbrave me;
Send His love and faithfulness!

(Interlude.)

D

3. I am in the midst of lions,
Cruel men, by all abhorred;
For their teeth are spears and arrows,
And their tongue a whetted sword.
Snares they laid within my pathway
So that I might taken be;—
They themselves have fallen headlong
In the pit they dug for me.
(Interlude.)

B.

Refrain:—Be praised above the heavens, O Lord!
Let all the earth Thy fame record!

1. Lord, my heart is fixed to bless Thee,
And my thoughts to song aspire;
Wake, my soul, and strike the psaltery,
Wake day's dawning with the lyre!

2. I will sing among the peoples,
Through the world my chant shall rise;
For Thy mercy reaches heaven,
And Thy truth transcends the skies.

Refrain:—Be praised above the heavens, O Lord!
Let all the earth Thy fame record!

PSALM LVIII.

From the Director's Psalter. To the tune "Destroy."
A Golden Psalm of David.

This Psalm is a protest against the iniquity of those who are in high office as judges and magistrates. Both language and style show it to be one of the oldest of the Psalms. It is two eight-line strophes of tetrameters, with a quasi-refrain of two lines at the beginning and end. A Maccabæan gloss of vengeance has been inserted after the last strophe.

Prologue:—Do ye, O Rulers, utter righteousness,
And grant the sons of men their just
redress?

1. Nay, in your heart ye do iniquity,
Throughout the land harsh judgments you decree.
These caitiffs from their childhood go astray,
From birth these liars do the truth betray.
A serpent's venom in their speech inheres;
Like the deaf adder, they have stopped their ears,
So that they cannot hear the charmer's spell,
Nor heed his piping, charm he ne'er so well.
2. The Lord shall disappoint their greedy maws,
And drag the lion's teeth from their grim jaws.
Like rivulets in drought, they pass away;
Like the green grass, they wither in a day;
Like snails that melt away, they quickly go;
The lightning-flash shall strike them, ere they know;
Before they see it, they are burned like thorns,
For them the Lord in blazing anger scorns.
*God's vengeance will to righteous men be sweet;
In sinners' blood the just shall wash his feet.*

Epilogue:—His blessing on the just shall God command,
For verily He judgeth in the land.

PSALM LIX.

From the Director's Psalter. To the tune "Destroy." A
Golden Psalm of David; when Saul sent, and they
watched the house to kill him.

The incident is related in I. Sam. xix. 11. But the ascription of the Psalm to David is apparently an after-thought, arising from a desire to give to each of this group some definite occasion in his life. It seems more appropriate to the times of Nehemiah, when the neighbouring tribes were taking advantage of the defenceless state of Jerusalem to harass the city. It is in two twelve-line strophes of trimeters, each concluding with a four-line refrain. In each case the refrain is interrupted by amplifying glosses.

1. Lord, save me from mine enemy!
Above my foemen raise me high!
Redeem me from their troublous brood!
Deliver me from men of blood!
They lie in wait to take my life,
Against the innocent stir up strife;
And, through no sin or fault of mine,

To do me hurt they all combine.
O Lord of Hosts, awake and see
The mischief they prepare for me!
Arise and show Thy frowning face,
And grant these miscreants no grace!

(Interlude.)

Refrain:—Like packs of hungry dogs they howl,
And nightly round the city prowl;
They pour out floods of filthy words;
Their utterances are bloody swords.
For who, say they, shall hear? But lo!
The Lord shall laugh to scorn our foe,
And all the nations overthrow!

But I will sing Thy mighty power,
O Lord, my Refuge and my Tower!

2. May God in mercy show His face,
And let me see my foes' disgrace!
Pity them not, lest they forget!
Let panic fear their hosts beset!
Humble their boast, O God my Shield!
Let not their sentence be repealed!
Because Thy servant they deride
Let them be taken in their pride!
Curses and slanders they outpour;
Consume them, that they be no more!
Thus to the world it shall be known
That Jacob's God is King alone.

(Interlude.)

Refrain:—Like packs of hungry dogs they howl,
And nightly round the city prowl;
For food they wander far and wide;
Yelp, if they be not satisfied.
For me, my voice I will upraise,
And every morning shout Thy praise;
Thou art a lofty Tower for me,
My Refuge in necessity.
But I will sing Thy mighty power,
O Lord, my Refuge and my Tower!

PSALM LX.

From the Director's Psalter. To the tune of "The Lily of Testimony." A Golden Psalm of David, for teaching; when he strove with Aram-Naharaim, and with Aram-Zobah; and Joab returned and smote of Edom in the Valley of Salt twelve thousand.

The reference is to the incidents related in II. Sam. viii.; but the title can only be associated with the Psalm quoted in verses 6-9, and repeated in Psalm cviii. The rest of the Psalm has to do with some occasion of terrible national defeat and disgrace, such as the taking of Jerusalem by the Babylonians; and the writer quotes the older oracle for the encouragement of his despairing fellow-countrymen. The original Psalm is in four four-line strophes of trimeters; in the middle of the third strope is inserted the older Psalm, which is in four three-line strophes of trimeters.

1. Lord, our defences hast Thou broken down,
And turned us backward with Thy angry frown;
As with an earthquake hast Thou cleft our land;
It sinks and totters 'neath Thy heavy hand.
2. Hard is the fate which Thou hast let us feel,
And with the wine of Thy fierce wrath we reel;
Yet to the faithful Thou a sign didst show,
That they might flee, unscathed by hostile bow.

(Interlude.)

3. That Thy beloved ones may be set free,
O let Thy right hand bring us victory!
 1. Jehovah's word will never fail;—
"Shechem with shouts I will assail;
"And mete out Succoth's fruitful vale.
 2. "Gilead, Manasseh, both are Mine;
"As My strong casque shall Ephraim shine;
"And Judah leads My battle-line.
 3. "Moab to wash My feet I use;
"Edom My sandals shall unloose;
"Philistia's hosts I will confuse."
 4. O who will lead our hosts along
To capture Edom's city strong?
Lord, wilt not Thou avenge our wrong?

Though Thou didst make us turn our backs in flight,
And cam'st not with our armies to the fight.

4. O give us help in our extremity!
For man can never bring us victory.
Thou, Lord, with valour shalt Thy people crown,
And trample all our adversaries down.

PSALM LXI.

From the Director's Psalter. To be sung to stringed instruments. A Davidic Psalm.

This Psalm was evidently written during the time of the Hebrew monarchy, and is a royal Psalm. It is in three four-line strophes of tetrameters; two glosses, apparently of the time of the exile, were inserted in the first strophe.

1. Lord, hear my prayer, and listen to my cry!
From earth's remotest bounds to Thee I fly;
When my heart fainteth, lift me up on high!
Lead Thou me on, for Thou art my strong Tower,
My Refuge from mine enemy's dread power.
Within Thy tent I fain would be a guest,
Beneath the covert of Thy wings would rest.

(Interlude.)

2. For Thou, Jehovah, hast allowed my claim,
Thou grantest their request who fear Thy Name.
The King with length of days Thine hand shall bless,
Stablish his crown in peace and righteousness.
3. He shall sit throned before the Lord for aye;
Mercy and faithfulness shall be his stay;
So will I praise Thy Name for evermore,
And day by day Thy majesty adore.

PSALM LXII.

From the Director's Psalter. After the manner of Jeduthun.
A Psalm of David.

The original Psalm was in two couplets of hexameters, with a couplet of hexameters repeated as a refrain. Each line begins with the word "Only." Half a dozen glosses were inserted in various editions of the Psalm.

Refrain:—Only before the Lord be still, my soul! His
faithfulness is proved;
Only the Lord is my high Tower and Fort-
ress; I shall not be moved.

*How long will ye your ambush lay
To take my innocent life away?*

1. Only a bulging fence are they; they totter like a lean-
ing wall;
Only with crafty lies they plot to give my dignity a fall.

*With their mouth they loudly bless;
In their hearts a curse repress.*

(Interlude.)

Refrain:—Only before the Lord be still, my soul! His
faithfulness is proved;
Only the Lord is my high Tower and Fort-
ress; I shall not be moved.

*In God is my salvation and my song;
He is my Rock and my Deliverer strong.*

*Ye people, trust Him ever!
All your care let Him share!
He will fail us never!*

(Interlude.)

2. Only a puff of wind are they; their leaders all in false-
hood trade;
Only a breath that kicks the beam, when in the balance
they are weighed.

*O trust not in oppression,
In robbery be not vain!
Put not your trust in riches,
Nor set your heart on gain!*

*One thing the Lord hath spoken,
Yea, two things hath made known,
That Power and Loving-kindness
Belong to Him alone.
To each He shall give recompense
For all that he hath done.*

PSALM LXIII.

A Psalm of David, when he was in the wilderness of Judah.

Presumably the reference in the title is to I. Sam. xxiv. But it is due to a misunderstanding of verse 1, which should be rendered "like a dry land," not "in a dry land." The Psalm is made up of two distinct poems; the first is the complaint of an exile, who longs to be back in Jerusalem, to worship God in His temple. It is in three four-line strophes of trimeters, with amplifying glosses. The second is a more ancient royal Psalm, or rather a fragment of one; it is a six-line strophe of trimeters, with a couplet added at the end for liturgical purposes. Note in the first Psalm the assonance produced by the occurrence in each line of some form of the second personal pronoun singular.

A.

1. Lord, I seek Thee earnestly,
And my soul's athirst for Thee;
Yea, of Thee my flesh is fain,
Longs for Thee, as wastes for rain.
2. As I saw Thee throned of late
In Thy House in royal state;
Better than life is Thy dear grace,
Therefore my lips shall sing Thy praise.
So I would exalt Thy fame,
Lift my hands in Thy great Name.
With marrow and with fatness
Thou shalt my soul full fill;
With lips of jubilation
My mouth shall praise Thee still.
3. On my bed I muse on Thee,
Through the night Thy face I see;

*Each new day new comfort brings
'Neath the shadow of Thy wings.
On Thy love my soul I cast,
And Thy right hand holds me fast.*

B.

Those that seek his¹ life shall go
Swiftly to the shades below;
Smitten by the sword's fell power
Jackals shall their flesh devour;
The King to God shall lift his voice,
His loyal subjects shall rejoice.

*But the mouth that utters lies
Shall be stopped in any wise.*

1. i.e., the King's.

PSALM LXIV.

From the Director's Psalter. A Psalm of David.

This Psalm suits very well the time soon after the return from Babylon, when the Jews were encompassed with enemies who plotted against them and slandered them at the court of Persia. It is in three five-line strophes of tetrameters, with two short glosses.

1. Lord, hear my voice when I complain to Thee!
Preserve my life from my fierce enemy!
*O hide me from the councils of the foel
No fellowship with sinners let me know!*
Their cruel tongues are sharp as whetted swords;
They aim their arrows, even bitter words,
To shoot the perfect man, if he a chance affords.
2. Suddenly do they shoot and have no fear;
They urge each other on to carp and sneer;
To set a cunning trap they all agree;
And say to one another, "Who can see?"
They seek now schemes of wrong in close confederacy.
3. Their plot is laid; stealthily they draw near;—
The Almighty smites them with His sudden spear!

Their own vile words become their stumbling-block;
All who behold it will their downfall mock,
And tell aloud the doings of God, our Strength and Rock!

*The righteous take sure refuge in the Lord,
The upright all His glorious deeds record.*

PSALM LXV.

From the Director's Psalter. A Psalm. A Song of David.

The original Psalm is a song of praise for use in the temple. It is in two four-line strophes of pentameters, with two amplifying glosses in each. Two fragments of harvest songs have been added at a later time; the first a strophe of five lines of tetrameters; the second a seven-line strophe of trimeters.

A.

1. In Zion will we sing Thy praise, O Thou that hearest
prayer,

*Yea, in Jerusalem for Thee our offerings we prepare.
To Thee, enthroned within Thy shrine, all peoples
shall repair.*

*The wickedness that I have done o'erwhelms my soul
with shame;*

*But Thou dost cover all my sins, and freest me from
blame.*

Happy the man whom Thou dost choose within Thy
courts to dwell;

The rich provision of Thy House contents Thy people
well.

2. With terrible things in righteousness Thou answerest
us, O Lord!

*The dwellers in earth's furthest bounds repose their
trust in Thee,
And those who have their homes among the islands
of the sea.*

Girded with might, Thou fixest firm the mountains
evermore;

Thou stillest all the turbulent seas, the ocean's wild
up roar,
And terrifiest those who live on its remotest shore.
The dawn of day, the sunset glow, alike Thy praise
record.

B.

Thou visitest the earth and waterest it;
From Thy full river Thou bestowest rain;
Harvests dost Thou prepare at seasons fit;
Soaking the furrows, levelling them again;
Thou melttest them with showers, blessest the growing
grain.

C.

Thou crown'st the year with goodness,
Thy paths with fatness drip;
The wilderness rejoices,
The hills with gladness skip;
The fields with flocks are covered,
The valleys smile with corn;
And joyful shouts and anthems awake each happy morn.

PSALM LXVI.

From the Director's Psalter. A Song. A Psalm.

This is a composite Psalm, including—(a) A song of Praise, in three four-line strophes of trimeters, the first couplet in each strophe being of the nature of a refrain, involving the transposition of verse 4 so as to bring it after verse 6; there are also glosses in the first and second strophe; (b) a fragment of a longer Psalm, in seven lines of trimeters; and (c) a sacrificial Psalm of two seven-line strophes of trimeters, with a short gloss in the second.

A.

1. To the Lord your voices raise!
Hymn His name in songs of praise!

*Say unto God, "How terrible art Thou in deeds
of might!"*

Therefore Thy foes shall cringing come before Thy holy sight.

(Interlude.)

O come, behold the works of God, and scan them yet again!

Terrible are His mighty doings to all the sons of men.

For He made the ocean dry
Till His people had passed by.

2. All on earth your voices raise!
And rejoice in songs of praise!
For He ruleth by His might,
Keeps all nations in His sight.
Shrink, ye rebels, in affright!

(Interlude.)

3. Peoples all, your voices raise!
Shout aloud in songs of praise!
Life for us He doth provide,
Suffers not our feet to slide.

B.

Thou hast proved Thy people's mind,
Ev'n as silver is refined.
Thou didst catch us in a net,
And with pain our loins beset;
Men have ridden o'er our head;
Through fire and water were we led;
But now around us roomy fields are wide outspread.

C.

1. I will come into Thy House
There to pay my plighted vows,
Which my lips did erst express
When I was in sore distress.
I will offer fat of lambs,
With the smoke of burning rams,
Young bulls, and he-goats ravished from their bleating dams.

(Interlude.)

2. Listen, and ye all shall see
 What the Lord hath done for me;
 When my voice in prayer was strong,
 And praise sat waiting on my tongue.
*If I regard iniquity,
 Jehovah will not hear my cry.*
 Then Jehovah was aware,
 Listened to my earnest prayer;
 Bles-séd be God! He succoured me with loving care.

PSALM LXVII.

From the Director's Psalter. To be sung to stringed instruments. A Psalm. A Song.

A Psalm of Praise, in three five-line strophes of trimeters; the third line of the first strophe is conjecturally supplied to complete the five lines.

1. Bless us, Lord, and grant us grace!
 Show the brightness of Thy face,
 And give Thy people peace!
 (Interlude.)

That all the earth may learn Thy ways,
 And, saved by Thee, proclaim Thy praise.

2. Let the peoples praise Thee, Lord!
 By all nations be adored
 In songs that never cease!
 For Thou dost rule with equity,
 And govern all by Thy decree.
 (Interlude.)

3. Let the peoples praise Thee, Lord!
 By all nations be adored!
 So shall earth's gifts increase;
 The Lord His blessings shall dispense,
 And all earth's bounds pay reverence.

PSALM LXVIII.

From the Director's Psalter. A Psalm of David. A Song.

This is a noble Ode, based upon the history of Israel. After two introductory strophes, the successive strophes deal with the march of the people through the wilderness, the victory of Deborah and Barak over Jabin, the choosing of Mount Zion as the local sanctuary of Jehovah, the victories of David, and the festal processions to the Temple. Then follow an appeal for help against Egypt and Assyria, and a call to universal praise. It is arranged in nine six-line strophes of tetrameters, with several amplificatory and liturgical glosses. I do not see any valid reason for treating the last strophe as a later addition.

1. When Jehovah ariseth, His foes take to flight,
And all those who hate Him flee out of His sight;
As smoke goeth whirling before the fierce blast,
As wax in the blaze of the fire melteth fast,
So the wicked shall perish when God shows His face;
While the righteous are glad and rejoice in His grace.
2. O sing to Jehovah, your voices raise high
To Him who rides forth on the clouds of the sky!
The Sire of the fatherless, pay Him your vows,
The Judge of the widows, enthroned in His house!
'Tis Jehovah who bringeth the lonely back home,
And causeth the captives from prison to come.
But the stubborn shall still in the wilderness roam.
3. When Thou at the head of our hosts didst appear
And march through the desert, earth trembled with fear;
(Interlude.)
Even Sinai shook at Jehovah's dread frown.
At Thy presence, Jehovah, the heavens dropped down
A plentiful rain for the good of Thine own;
Although they were faint, in Thy strength they grew
brave;
In Thy bountiful goodness the poor Thou didst save.
4. Word went forth; and the women spread news of the
war;
The king¹ struggled hard, but his armies fled far;
And our fair ones at home shared his spoils with delight.

1. i.e., Jabin.

O why did ye stay with your sheep in their fold?

His hurrying ranks were like doves in their flight,
Their pinions all flashing with silver and gold;
Now like snow upon Zalmon their bones glisten cold!

5. O Mount of Jehovah, that standest alone!
O Mount that Jehovah desired for His throne!
*Why look ye askance, ye high hills, in your pride?
For here will Jehovah for ever abide.*
Most fruitful of hills, where the Lord set His name,
To thee in His chariot from Sinai He came;
Whilst myriads of angels rode forth at His side.
Thou didst mount up on high, and the captives release,
And take tribute from rebels, to rule them in peace.
*O bles-séd be God, who our burdens doth bear,
The God of Salvation, who makes us His care!*

(Interlude.)

*Jehovah our God will His chosen ones save,
And sends us deliverance from death and the grave.*

6. Jehovah will crush the proud head of His foes
And the scalp of the rebel who stubbornness shows.
Saith the Lord:—"Upon Bashan's unscaleable height,
"In the depths of the ocean, thy foes I'll requite,
"That thy foot may be washed in the blood of the slain,
"And the tongue of thy dogs may be red with its stain."

7. Thy processions, O Lord, up the Temple-hill wind;
The singers before, the musicians behind;
Between them the damsels with timbrels advance;
*In the solemn assembly, O bless ye the Lord!
Let the fountain of Israel's strength be adored!*
Little Benjamin next, with his conquering lance;
The princes of Judah then crowd into view,
With Zebulon's leaders, and Naphtali's, too.

8. O Lord, in Thy might let Thy people be bold!
Repeat in our days all Thy triumphs of old!
*Because of the fame of Thy glorious abode
The kings with their presents Thine altar shall load.*

Rebuke the wild beast from the reeds of the Nile,¹
The Bulls and the Calves,² who Thy people revile,
And trample Thy precious ones down in their spite;—
O scatter the nations that glory in fight!

*From Egypt swift messengers come at Thy nod;
Ethiopia shall soon stretch her hands unto God.*

9. O sing unto God, all ye kingdoms of earth!
Exalt ye Jehovah with jubilant mirth!

(Interlude.)

He rides on the heavens, enfolded in cloud;
He utters His voice, and His thunder peals loud.
In praise of His might let your glad anthems rise!
His pride is in Israel, His strength in the skies!

*In Thy Temple, O Lord, is Thy glory displayed;
O Israel's God, grant Thy people Thine aid!
Blessed be God!*

1. Egypt.

2. Assyria and her allies.

PSALM LXIX.

From the Director's Psalter. Set to the tune "Lilies."
A Davidic Psalm.

This is a composite Psalm, and its two constituent parts have been interwoven, as both metre and sense show. The first Psalm consists of three six-line strophes of pentameters, with two couplets of glosses, and includes verses 1-6, 13-18, and 29-31. It is this part that is called a Davidic Psalm. The second Psalm is in five six-line strophes of trimeters, with two glosses in the fifth strophe. It is this part that was to be sung to the tune "Lilies," which was a trimeter tune, as is seen from Psalm lxxx. To the whole Psalm is added a liturgical gloss of eight lines.

A.

1. O save me, Lord, the water-floods are like my soul to drown!

I cannot find a footing sure, but in the mire sink down.
The waters overwhelm me, and the floods around me spread;

*My throat is parched, complaining of their fraud;
My eyes are weary, waiting for my God.*

I have more unjust enemies than hairs upon my head;
 Yea, those that hate me wrongfully grow stronger day
 by day;
 And what I never took from them, they force me to
 repay.
*O Lord, my folly Thou dost see;
 My faults are not concealed from Thee.*

2. O Lord of Hosts, let not Thy people suffer shame
 through me!
 O let not those who seek Thee, for my sake dishonoured
 be!
 In Thine abundant mercy, Lord, Thy faithful servant
 save!
 And let me not be overwhelmed beneath the rising wave!
 Let not the flood o'erflow me, nor cut off my choking
 breath!
 O let me not be fettered in the prison-house of Death!
3. Lord, in Thy goodness answer me, in Thine abundant
 love!
 Hide not Thy face in my distress, my present Helper
 prove!
 Draw near to me, redeem my soul from my proud
 enemy!
 Let Thy salvation in my need uplift my soul on high!
 Then will I magnify Thy name, and praise Thee in a
 song;
 And this shall please Thee better than an ox, or
 bullock strong.

B.

1. For Thy sake I am taunted,
 Shame covers up my face;
 I am become an alien
 To those of my own race;
 Zeal for Thine House consumes me quite;
 All Thy reproaches on me light.
2. Lo, when I mourned and fasted,
 They counted it a wrong;

And when I put on sackcloth,
They made of me a song;
They sang their song, that ribald choir,
And set it to their drunken lyre.

3. Mine enemies Thou knowest!
Reproach hath crushed my heart;
I looked for some to pity,
But none would take my part;
My food with gall they interspersed,
With vinegar would quench my thirst.

4. O let their banquets snare them!
Vengeance their feasts exact!
Yea, let their eyes be darkened,
Their loins with pain be racked!
In floods let Thy just anger fall,
And in Thy wrath destroy them all!

5. May their abode be empty,
And desolate their tents!
For him whom Thou hast smitten
With hatred they pursue,
The wounds Thou hast inflicted,
They open up anew.
Heap one sin on another,
And heed not their laments!
Blot from the Book of Life their name!
Amongst the just they have no claim.

The meek shall see the captives freed
And gladly wish their souls "God speed!"
For God did not despise their need.

Let Heaven and Earth exalt the Lord,
And let the Seas His praise record!
For Zion God will save from guilt,
And Judah's cities shall be built;
There shall they dwell in perfect peace,
And their possessions shall increase.
His servants shall possess the land as their sure
heritage,
And they that love His name shall dwell therein
from age to age!

PSALM LXX.

From the Director's Psalter. A Davidic Psalm. For the Offering of the Memorial Sacrifice.

This Psalm, which is in two four-line strophes of pentameters, is also in Book I., where it forms the second part of Psalm xl.

1. Jehovah, haste to help me, O deliver me from strife!
Confound and put to shame all those who seek Thy servant's life!
Let them be humbled and ashamed who gloat o'er my distress!
Disgrace and make them desolate who mock my feebleness!
2. Let those exult and shout for joy who in Thy name confide!
Let those who love Thy mercy say, "The Lord be magnified!"
Unto my poor, afflicted soul Thy swift assistance bring!
My Helper and Deliverer, make Thou no tarrying!

PSALM LXXI.

This is an "orphan" Psalm—i.e., it has no title. The original Psalm is in four seven-line strophes of trimeters; to this a similar strophe was early prefixed, based upon the opening verses of Psalm xxxi. Glosses were later still inserted between Strophes 2 and 3, and at the end of the Psalm, each ending in a refrain. In the internal arrangement of the lines, Strophe 1 corresponds to Strophe 4, and Strophe 2 to Strophe 3.

*Lord, Thy succour I have claimed,
Let me never be ashamed!
In Thy justice me defend!
To my earnest prayer attend!
Be Thou my strong Rock and Tower,
Save me from my foemen's power!
Thou art my Strength when perils lour.*

1. Save me, Lord, by Thy command
From the sinner's cruel hand!
For my hope was placed in Thee

From my earliest infancy;
All my wrongs Thou hast redressed
Even from my mother's breast.
Be Thy Name for ever blest!

2. Me with marvel men regard,
For o'er me Thou keep'st watch and ward.
Thou hast filled my mouth with praise,
Whilst I sing of all Thy grace,
And the beauty of Thy face.
Now that I am old and gray,
Cast me not, O Lord, away!

Mine enemies are watching me, to make my life their prey;

*In secret council do they meet, and arrogantly say;—
"His God hath left him; how can he our swift pursuit evade?"*

*O God, be not far from me! Hasten quickly to my aid!
O let confusion cover them that seek my soul to slay!
Let those who fain would do me hurt be scattered in dismay!*

3. I for my part hope in Thee,
And sing Thy praise continually;
Tell of all Thy righteousness,
And Thy saving grace confess;
Who its wonder can express?
Lord, Thy might I will proclaim,
And the glory of Thy Name.

4. Me from childhood hast Thou taught;
In old age forsake me not!
Let me live to speak Thy praise
To the next succeeding race!
For Thy truth transcends the sky;
Glorious is Thy Majesty!
Who is like Thee, Lord Most High?

*Thou who hast caused my soul to see such woes unspeakable,
Restore my life, and bring me back safe from the Pit of Hell!*

O multiply Thy mighty deeds, and all my troubles quell!

With tuneful Psaltery I'll praise Thy faithfulness, O Lord!

My lyre, O Israel's Holy One, Thy glory shall record. My lips shall shout for joy, and praise Thy Name with holy glee;

My soul shall triumph in Thy love, for Thou hast ransomed me.

My tongue shall still be telling of Thy righteousness all day,

For those who fain would do me hurt are scattered in dismay!

PSALM LXXII.

A Solomonic Psalm.

This is certainly a Psalm written for the accession of some King, and I see no reason for discrediting the tradition that it was composed by David for the accession of Solomon. It is in two seven-line strophes of hexameters; but glosses were later inserted between the strophes to give the Psalm a Messianic application, and a short gloss of the same character was added at the end.

The Doxology does not belong to this particular Psalm, but to the whole of Book II. It could be sung, like our "Glory be to the Father, etc.," at the end of any of the Psalms in the Book.

1. Lord, grant Thy justice to the King, And to his son Thy righteousness;
In righteousness he then shall rule, The needy with his justice bless.
Peace from the mountains shall come down, And righteousness from o'er the hills;
Thy needy people he shall bless, And save Thy poor from all their ills.
Long as the sun his reign shall last, Yea, as the moon, from age to age.

As rain upon the tender grass Shall he refresh Thine heritage.

Justice shall flourish in his days, And peace, until the moon decays.

His rule shall stretch from sea to sea, Earth's utmost bounds his truth shall trust,

His adversaries shall bow down, His enemies shall lick the dust.

The kings of Tarshish and its coasts shall joyful tribute pay;

Sheba and Saba gifts shall bring, and own his royal sway;

All kings shall render homage glad, all nations him obey.

When poor folk cry to him for help, he will their cause defend,

And ransom the afflicted one, and him that hath no friend.

2. He shall have pity on the poor, Thy suffering people he shall save;

From violence he shall redeem Their lives, and lift them from the grave.

Long may he live, and let the gold Of Sheba fill his treasure-store!

May daily prayers arise for him, And blessings crown him evermore!

Let aftermaths enrich our land, Sheep on the mountains multiply!

Let cattle cover Lebanon, And flowers bloom abundantly!

His course he shall for ever run, As sure established as the sun.

*All nations shall in him rejoice,
And bless his name with cheerful voice.*

General Doxology.

O blessed be the Lord our God, the God of Israel,

Who only doeth wondrous things, as we have seen full
well;
And blessed be His glorious Name by all mankind
always;
And let the whole wide earth be filled with His eternal
praise!

Amen and Amen!

This is the end of the Prayers of David the Son of Jesse.

The Third Book of Psalms

PSALM LXXIII.

A Psalm of Asaph.

This is the first of the series of Asaphite Psalms, eleven in number, which make up the larger part of Book III. It is in two parts, each of five four-line strophes of trimeters. The first part states the problem—the prosperity of the wicked and the sufferings of the righteous—and the second gives the poet's solution, the fellowship with God both here and hereafter, which the righteous enjoys. A later poet, not altogether satisfied with this solution, added a gloss of two strophes to the second part, in which he lays stress on the miserable end of the wicked man, in spite of his prosperity, and emphasises this in a final gloss. For the very obscure gloss in the first part, I adopt the suggestion of the Jewish Publication Society's Version, which makes it a challenge from the prosperous wicked to the world to come to them for satisfaction. An editor has prefixed a couplet as a sort of motto or text for the whole Psalm.

Part I.

*Surely to Israel God is kind,
Even to the man of holy mind.*

1. Lo, my feet had almost tripped,
And my steps had well nigh slipped,
As with envy I espied
Those who prospered in their pride.
2. Not for them are doubts and fears,
Sound and strong their state appears;
The common lot they do not share,
The cruel strokes that others bear.
3. Pride they clasp around their neck,
And their limbs with violence deck;
From their grossness sin doth breed,
And their thoughts o'erflow with greed.

4. Evil is their only theme;
Loftily they plot and scheme;
They would sit on heaven's throne,
Proudly claim the earth to own.

*"Come, ye thirsty ones," they cry,
"Brimming cups will we supply."*

5. Arrogantly they declare,
"God doth neither know nor care!"
Yet these sinners live in peace,
And their riches still increase.

Part II.

1. Vainly have I shunned offence,
Washed my hands in innocence;
Thou dost chasten me alway,
Scourged and smitten every day.
2. But if this I uttered once,
'Twould be treason to Thy sons;
So I sought to find it out,
Troubled as I was with doubt.

*Till I came within Thy gate,
Then I saw their destined fate;
In slippery places do they stand,
Flung to ruin by Thine hand.*

*Sudden terror Thou dost send;
In a moment comes their end!
As a dream at morning light
They shall vanish from Thy sight.*

3. Yea, my mind was sore with wrong,
And my very heart was stung;
Like a brute I could not see,
Like a very beast with Thee.
4. With Thee!—Ah! with Thee I stand,
Thou dost hold me by mine hand;
Thou shalt guide me by Thy love,
Then receive my soul above.

5. Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
None else on earth delighteth me;
My flesh and soul with longing pine
For Thee, my Rock; for Thou art mine!

*Lo! Those who turn away from God shall perish
utterly!
Yea, all that play the harlot in their vile apostacy!
But it is good for me to fly for refuge to my God,
That all Thy glorious works and ways I may declare
abroad!*

PSALM LXXIV.

A Meditation of Asaph.

This Psalm evidently dates from the latter part of the exile in Babylon. It is in three parts, each in three four-line strophes of tetrameters; the first describes the destruction of the Temple by Nebuchadrezzar; but a gloss was added to make it more appropriate to the violation of the Temple by Antiochus Epiphanes; the second recalls the history of the deliverance from Egypt and in the wilderness, and the creative and providential power of God, with amplificatory glosses; the third is an appeal for deliverance from Babylon.

Part I.

1. Why hast Thou cast us off, O God our Rock?
Why smokes Thy wrath against Thy cherished flock?
Remember those Thou didst redeem of old!
*Whom Thou hast chosen for Thine heritage,
Zion, Thy dwelling-place, O God, behold!
Thy glorious abode from age to age!*

2. Thine enemies have sacked Thine holy place,
And roared their loud defiance in Thy face;
*They set their godless symbols in Thy shrine
That men might read their triumph by that sign.
As woodcutters with axes fell the trees,
With hatchets they break down its carven frieze.*

*Thy sanctuary they have set on flame,
Profaned the dwelling-place of Thy great Name.*

3. They planned to make our offspring fatherless;
The Festivals of God they did suppress;
Our sacred signs no longer can we see;
And none can tell us why these things should be.

Part II.

4. How long, O Lord, are we to bear this shame?
And hear the enemy blaspheme Thy Name?
How long wilt Thou Thy vengeful stroke arrest,
And keep Thy right hand hidden in Thy breast?

*Yet God of old hath been our glorious King,
And through the earth hath led us triumphing.*
5. Once by Thy strength Thou didst divide the waves,
And smite the Dragon's heads in ocean's caves;
Leviathan's heads Thou smotest by Thy power,
And gav'st him to the jackals to devour.
In the parched desert mad'st fresh waters gleam,
And dried'st up Jordan's overflowing stream.
6. Thine is the day; Thine also is the night;
Thou hast ordained the sun and stars of light;
The seasons Thou hast fixed in every land;
Summer and harvest come at Thy command.

Part III.

7. Remember this! The enemy doth defame
And in his insolence contemn Thy Name.
Give me not up for these wild beasts to tear!
The life of Thine afflicted servant spare!
8. Look on our foes, how sleek and fat they be!
Their gloomy lands are homes of cruelty.
Let not the oppressed be put to hopeless shame!
Give Thine afflicted cause to bless Thy Name!
9. Arise, O God, and judge! The cause is Thine!
Confound Thine enemies' insolent design!
Hear how Thine adversaries Thee defy
With shouts of impious rage that rend the sky!

PSALM LXXV.

From the Director's Psalter. To the tune "Destroy."
A Psalm of Asaph. A Song.

An ancient Psalm, consisting of six strophes of triplets in trimeters. The first is introductory; the rest are an oracle of God, declaring His intention to judge the world. There are some amplifying glosses.

1. Lord, we will Thy praise proclaim,
Give Thee thanks and bless Thy Name!
Tell the world Thy wondrous fame!
2. "When I fix the appointed day
"My righteous judgments to display,
"All earth's tribes shall melt away.
None but God can be their stay.
(Interlude.)
3. "O ye scorers, cease your scorn!
"Sinners, lift not up the horn!
"Of your pride you shall be shorn.
4. "No help comes from East or West,
"From desert or from mountain-crest;
"Ye must meet God's righteous test.
He decides as seems Him best.
5. "Ah! that wine of ruddy stain!
"Wicked men will God constrain
"All its bitter dregs to drain.
6. "Hear ye my unchanged decree!
To Jacob's God make melody!
"Sinners all abased shall be,
"But the good my grace shall see."

PSALM LXXVI.

From the Director's Psalter. To be sung to stringed instruments. A Psalm of Asaph. A Song.

A song of victory, celebrating the discomfiture of Sennacherib and his army. It is in four six-line strophes of trimeters. Dr. Briggs thinks the last strophe is a later addition, but I see no reason for doubting that it was part of the original Psalm.

1. In Judah God made Himself known;
 In Israel His glory was great;
 In Salem He set up His throne,
 In Zion established His seat;
 There brake He the arrows that flashed from the bow,
 The shield and the sword and the battle also.

(Interlude.)

2. Encompassed with light Thou didst sweep
 In victory down from the hills;
 The stout-hearted slept their last sleep;
 No plunder their greedy hands fills;
 The God of our fathers their downfall decreed,
 And sleep, like a pall, fell on chariot and steed.

3. Almighty, Thou art to be feared!
 At Thy wrath all the nations succumb.
 From heaven Thy sentence was heard;
 Earth trembled, its people fell dumb,
 When God rose to judgment, and gave His command
 To save the afflicted who dwelt in His land.

(Interlude.)

4. Their wrath¹ shall be turned into praise,
 Its last throbbings transmuted to song.
 Vow, and pay your glad vows for His grace!
 With gifts let our neighbours all throng
 To the Terrible One who dismayeth the kings,
 And the princes of earth to discomfiture brings.

1. i.e., the wrath of Israel against the invader.

PSALM LXXVII.

From the Director's Psalter. After the manner of Jeduthun.
 A Psalm of Asaph.

This Psalm is in two parts. The first is a meditation on the deliverances wrought by God for His people in days of yore, and is in five six-line strophes of trimeters. The second is a highly poetical description of a Theophany, and may well be a fragment of a longer poem; it is in four triplets of trimeters. A pentameter couplet was added later, in reference to the journey to the Promised Land.

Part I.

1. With my voice to God I cry
And to Him in trouble fly;
With uplifted hands I pray,
Find no comfort night or day;
Unto God I make my plaint,
Till my heart grows sick and faint.

(Interlude.)
2. Through the night I watch in pain;
To tell my griefs I strive in vain.
Then I think of days gone by,
For our ancient glories sigh;
Silent ponder through the night,
Try to read God's plan aright.
3. "Will He ne'er our joys restore?
"Never show us favour more?
"Has he ceased to be our friend?
"Has His patience reached its end?
"Hath God banished from His mind
"All His mercies to mankind?"

(Interlude.)
4. Then said I, "I will explore
"God's great deeds in days of yore,
"How He showed His might of old,
"As our fathers oft have told;
"Yea, Thy works I will record,
"All the wonders of the Lord."
5. Holy, Lord, are all Thy ways!
None like Thee deserves our praise.
Wondrous are Thy deeds of might
Wrought in all the nations' sight;
Jacob's sons, in love supreme,
Joseph's seed, Thou didst redeem.

(Interlude.)

Part II.

1. Ocean saw Thee drawing near,
Ocean saw, and writhed in fear;
Fled its waves like frightened deer.

2. Torrents burst from out the cloud,
Crashing thunders pealed aloud,
Lightnings rent their lurid shroud.
3. Whirlwinds shrieked in headlong flight,
Earth was wrapped in flashing light,
Shook and trembled in affright.
4. O'er the sea Thy horses race,
O'er the waters rush apace;
But Thy footsteps none can trace.

*Moses and Aaron led Thy flock, and under Thy command
Did guide them through the wilderness, and brought them to this land.*

PSALM LXXVIII.

A Meditation of Asaph.

This Psalm recapitulates the history of Israel from the Exodus to the choice of Zion for the Temple, and the call of David to the kingship. Stress is laid on the unfaithfulness of the people and the judgments that consequently fell upon them. The Psalm is in four parts, each consisting of five four-line strophes of trimeters. There are many amplificatory glosses; and in particular a detailed account is added of the plagues of Egypt, which has itself received further glosses.

Part I.

1. O hear, my people, what I teach!
Give ye attention to my speech!
A poem I would fain endite,
And from dark sayings bring forth light.
2. The things which we have known and heard,
Which by our fathers were declared,
We will not from their children hide
*But tell them of Jehovah's praise,
His mighty works, His wondrous ways.
His testimonies Jacob saw,
To Israel He gave a Law,*

*And ordered all His faithful ones
To teach its precepts to their sons,
That they might pass them on in turn
To generations yet unborn,
And train up each succeeding race
To set their hope on God's free grace.*

Lest from God's works they turn aside.

3. That they may shun their fathers' ways,
A stubborn and rebellious race,
*Thoughtless and fickle in their mood,
Their spirit was not right with God;*
Who, armed with a deceitful bow,
Fled in dismay before the foe.
*God's covenant they held not in awe,
And would not keep His holy Law;
They clean forgot His deeds of fame,
The marvels wrought by His great Name.*
4. Their fathers saw His deeds of yore,
In Egypt's coasts, by Zoan's shore;
'Twas there the sea He did divide,
Heap up its streams on either side.
5. He led them in a cloud by day,
By night a fire illumined their way;
*Rocks in the wilderness He clave,
Drink inexhaustible He gave.*
The waters from the rock outburst,
And flowed in streams to quench their thirst.

Part II.

1. Their heart anew with riot swelled,
And in the desert they rebelled;
They tempted God, and asked for food,
As to their appetite seemed good.
2. "Can God indeed," they scoffing said,
"A table in the desert spread?
*"He smote the rock and gave us drink,
"The gushing stream o'erflowed its brink;*

"Can He provide us bread to eat,
"Or satisfy our mouths with meat?"

*The Lord was wroth when this He learned,
His anger against Jacob burned,
And Israel He fiercely spurned.
He smote the unbelieving race
Who would not trust His saving grace.*

3. The skies at His command were riven,
He opened wide the doors of heaven;
He rained down manna on their head,
With corn of heaven they were fed.
*So men did eat of angels' food,
Their mouth was satisfied with good.*
4. At His command the East wind blew,
To do His will the hot South flew;
He rained down flesh on them like dust,
Numberless quails, to slake their lust.
*They fell in heaps amid the tents,
The dwellings of these malcontents;
So they did eat, and were well filled;
He gave them what their lust had willed.*
5. But while their food was in their teeth,
God did His angry sword unsheathe;
The fattest of them all He slew,
The choicest of that faithless crew.

Part III.

1. Spite of all this, they sinned again;
God's wondrous works were wrought in vain;
And so they passed away like breath,
Their years rushed terrified to death.
2. When they were slain, they sought His face,
Yea, eagerly desired His grace;
Then they remembered God their Rock,
The Saviour of His chosen flock.
*But all their praise was flattery,
Their loud professions but a lie;*

*Still more perverse in heart they grew,
Nor to His covenant were true.*

3. Still was he full of grace and love,
Ready their sorrows to remove;
His anger oft He turned away,
Nor would He keep His wrath alway.

4. He called to mind that they were men,
A breath that ne'er returns again.

*How often they rebelled and grieved Him on their
desert way,
The Holy One of Israel they tempted every day;
Forgot how He redeemed them from the adversary's
hand,
The wonders He in Zoan wrought, His signs in
Egypt's land.
He turned their waters into blood; the streams they
could not drink;
The flies devoured them; swarms of frogs rose from
the river's brink;
Locusts and caterpillars came in a destructive host;
Their vines were smitten down with hail, their syca-
mores with frost;
Their cattle were destroyed by plague, their herds
by pestilence;
Anger and fury and trouble sore He sent forth in His
wrath;
A band of evil messengers pursued their angry path;
The pestilence consumed their life with vengeance
pitiless;
All Egypt's first-born He cut off, their chiefest
confidence;
He led His people like a flock through the waste wil-
derness.
He led His people forth in peace;
The sea o'erwhelmed their enemies.
His sheep He saved from their distress,
And led them through the wilderness.*

5. He brought them to the Holy Land,
 The mountain won by His right hand;
 Drove out the nations from their place,
 And gave it to His chosen race.

Part IV.

1. Then once again they tempted God,
 Rebelled against His chastening rod;
 Even as their fathers long ago,
 They failed Him like a treacherous bow.
*They raised high places through the land,
 Where graven images might stand;
 Their faithlessness provoked the Lord,
 So that His Israel He abhorred.*

2. Then he rejected Shiloh's tent,
 Wherein to dwell with them He meant;
 He gave His glory to the foe,
 And let His ark to Ashdod go.
*He gave His people to the sword,
 And His inheritance abhorred.*

3. The fire consumed their valiant men;
 No marriage-hymn was chanted then;
 Their priests in blood lay weltering;
 No dirges did their widows sing.
*The Lord awakened from His sleep,
 And like a hero did He leap,
 Upon His foes with shouts He came,
 And put them to perpetual shame.*

4. Even Joseph's tent He did reject,
 And Ephraim's tribe would not select;
 In Judah did He choose to dwell,
 In Zion, which He loved so well.
*He built His temple on its height,
 Firm as the earth, in splendour bright.*

5. David His servant did He choose,
 And took Him from the breeding ewes;
 Brought him from folds where sheep did feed,
 To shepherd Jacob's chosen seed.
*He tended them with upright mind,
 And prudently his acts designed.*

PSALM LXXIX.

A Psalm of Asaph.

The original Psalm consists of two six-line strophes of trimeters, and refers to the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadrezzar; but many glosses have been added in Macabæan times, making the Psalm more appropriate to those terrible days.

1. Lord, the heathen hosts advance
Into Thine inheritance;
Thy holy temple they invade;
Zion is in ruins laid;

Our corpses they for food have given
To beasts of earth and birds of heaven.

*They lie unburied, and their blood
Runs about Zion like a flood.
Our neighbours round deride and sneer,
And at our fallen fortunes jeer.
Lord, will Thine anger ne'er expire?
Thy jealousy still burn as fire?*

*Pour out Thy wrath upon the tribes that have not
known Thy Name,
And on the kingdoms who have turned Thy glory
into shame.*

*For Jacob they have quite effaced,
And laid his habitation waste.*

2. Think not on our fathers' crimes!
Let Thy mercy come betimes!
*For we are brought full low.
Save us, Lord! Thy help we claim
For the glory of Thy Name.
Pity and pardon show!*

*Wherefore should the nations say,
"Lo, their God is far away!"*

*O let Thy vengeance be made known before our
longing eyes!
For all the blood that they have shed our hateful
foes chastise!*

*O listen in Thy mercy to the prisoners' doleful sigh!
And by Thy might deliver those who are condemned
to die!
Repay our neighbours seven-fold, and smite them
with Thy rod
For all the scorn which they have heaped upon
Thy name, O God!
So will we give Thee thanks for aye,
And sing Thy glorious praise alway.*

PSALM LXXX.

From the Director's Psalter. To be sung to the tune "My testimony is a beautiful Lily." A Psalm of Asaph.

This Psalm was written during the exile at Babylon, and consists of five six-line strophes of trimeters, each followed by a couplet refrain. To the last strophe a Maccabæan gloss has been added, with a possible reference to Judas Mac-cabæus.

1. Shepherd of Thine Israel, hear!
Guide of Joseph's flock, appear!
Throned between the cherubim
Shine forth upon Ephraim!
Let Manasseh see Thy might!
Save us in our foes' despite!
Lord, restore us by Thy grace!
Show the brightness of Thy face!
2. Lord of Hosts, how long wilt Thou
Scorn us, when in prayer we bow?
Bread of tears is now our fare,
And we drink the gall of care;
For our wealth our neighbours fight,
While they mock our wretched plight.
Lord, restore us by Thy grace!
Show the brightness of Thy face!
3. A vine from Egypt Thou didst bring,
Planted'st her, and mad'st her spring;
Room was given her by Thine hand;
She took root and filled the land;

Covered the mountains with her shade,
And the cedars overlaid.

*Lord, restore us by Thy grace!
Show the brightness of Thy face!*

4. To the Sea she spread her shoots,
By the River fixed her roots.
Thou hast broken down her hedge,
Vagrants pluck her foliage;
Nile's fierce boar her boughs doth raze,
Forest-beasts upon her graze.

*Lord, restore us by Thy grace!
Show the brightness of Thy face!*

5. O look down from heaven, and see!
For this vine belongs to Thee.
Thou didst plant her by Thine hand;
She grew strong at Thy command.

*Her adversaries burn her down;
Let them perish at Thy frown!
Strengthen the man of Thy right hand!
In Thy might make him to stand!*

Thee we never will disown!
Let Thy praise in us be shown!
*Lord, restore us by Thy grace!
Show the brightness of Thy face!*

PSALM LXXXI.

From the Director's Psalter. To be sung to "The Vintage Song." An Asaphite Psalm.

This is a composite Psalm; the first Psalm consists of two five-line strophes of trimeters, the first to be sung at the festival of the New Moon (Numbers xxviii., 11), the second at the Passover. The allusion in the second of these to the deliverance of Israel from Egypt suggested the addition of another Psalm, which tells the story of God's purpose in that deliverance. It is in five four-line strophes of trimeters, with glosses in the second strophe and at the end.

A.

1. Sing to God in sacred lays!
Shout the God of Jacob's praise!
Sound the timbrel, strike the lyre,
Harp and horn and song conspire,
In the new moon's crescent rays.
2. When the full moon from the east
Pours her light, we keep the Feast;
This did Jacob's God command,
When from Egypt by His hand
Joseph's offspring He released.

B.

1. A Voice unknown¹ was heard to say;—
“His burdens I will take away;
“His hands from baskets shall be free;
“When thou didst cry, I rescued thee.
2. “I spoke from thunder's secret cell,
“*At Meribah I tested thee*
(Interlude.)
“O hear, my people Israel!
“*If thou wilt hearken unto Me,*
“Strange gods with thee shall dwell no more;
“No heathen lord shalt thou adore.
3. “I am the Lord Thy God, whose hand
“Delivered thee from Egypt's land;
“Come, open wide thy mouth, and I
“Will all thy longing satisfy.
4. “My people would not hear my voice,
“Refused on Me to fix their choice;
“I let them go their stubborn way,
“And in their self-willed courses stray.
5. “O that My people would have heard
“And walked according to My word,
“Quickly their foes I would subdue,
“And smite their adversaries through!”

1. i.e., the voice of Jehovah, made known to the people by Moses under His hitherto unrevealed Name.

*God's enemies should cringe aghast
And Israel's joy for ever last.*

*Their food should be the finest wheat,
And honey from the rock so sweet.*

PSALM LXXXII.

A Psalm of Asaph.

A Psalm of the Exile in Babylon, in which God is represented as protesting against the injustice of the magistrates under whose power the Jews were in subjection. It is in three four-line strophes of trimeters, with two glosses, the first pointing out the results of the iniquitous decisions of these judges, the second calling on God to rise up and judge them.

1. God doth stand in His assembly,
"Mongst the gods He gives award;—
"How long will ye judge unjustly,
"And to sinners pay regard?
(Interlude.)
2. "Judge the feeble and the orphan,
"Save the sad and destitute!
"Rescue ye the poor and needy
"From their wicked foes' pursuit!
*Men are bewildered by your acts, their meaning
no one sees;*
All civil order is destroyed by your unjust decrees.
3. "Though ye may as gods be reckoned,
"Styled the sons of the Most High,
"Ye shall fall as fall the princes,
"And like common men shall die."
Lord, arise, and judge the nations,
For within Thy hand they lie!

PSALM LXXXIII.

A Song. A Psalm of Asaph.

This Psalm belongs to the time when Nehemiah was building the walls of Jerusalem, amidst the bitter opposition of the neighbouring tribes, headed by Sanballat and Tobiah. It is in four eight-line strophes of trimeters, with two short glosses at the end.

1. Lord, no longer rest in quiet!
Raise Thy voice! Hold not Thy peace!
For the enemies who hate Thee
From their uproar never cease.
Crafty plans they lay against us,
'Gainst Thy treasured ones they shout,
"Come, let us destroy their nation!
"Israel's name be blotted out!"
2. With one mind they have consulted;
In alliance they convene
Ishmael and the tents of Edom,
Moab, and the Hagarene,
Lords of Amalek and Ammon,
Tyrians and Philistines;
Yea, Samaria¹ hath joined them,
With the sons of Lot combines.

(Interlude.)
3. As to death the river Kishon
Sisera and Jabin flung;
Yea, as Midian at En Harod,
Let their corpses lie like dung.
Make their nobles like to Oreb
And to Zeeb; smite their face,
Even as Zebah and Zalmunna,
Who would storm Thy dwelling-place.
4. Make them like the wind-driven stubble,
Or the dust on stormy days;
Like the fire that burns the forests,
Sets the mountains on a blaze,

1. The text has "Assyria," but this is obviously a copyist's error.

So pursue them with Thy whirlwind,
Terrify them by Thy blast;
Fill their faces with confusion,
Overwhelm them, Lord, with shame!
Then they will confess Thy Name.
Let them be destroyed at last!
That they may know that Thou alone,
Jehovah, all the earth dost own.

PSALM LXXXIV.

From the Director's Psalter. To be sung to "The Vintage Song." A Psalm of the sons of Korah.

This is a Pilgrim Song, composed whilst the Temple was still standing, and before the extinction of the Monarchy. It should be compared with Psalm xlii.-xlivi. It is in three six-line strophes of pentameters, each followed by a similar refrain; though the refrain after the second strophe has been placed before it by a copyist's error.

1. O Lord of Hosts, Thy dwelling-place is very dear to me;
My soul doth long, yea, even faint, Thy temple-courts
to see;
For there my heart and flesh give praise, God of my
life, to Thee.

Yea, there the bird doth find a home, and warbles all
day long;
The swallow builds a nest therein, where she may lay
her young;
Within Thy shrine, my God and King, Thy praise is
ever sung.
Refrain:—O Lord of Hosts, how blest are they
Who dwell within Thy House alway!
(Interlude.)
2. The road thereto they know full well; it leads through
sorrow's vale,
But springs burst forth even there, the showers of
blessing never fail.

They march from town to town until they stand before
their God,
Jehovah, Lord of Hosts, who hath in Zion His abode.
And there they cry, "Lord, hear my prayer! O Jacob's
God, give ear!"

(Interlude.)

"Look on our Shield,¹ and with Thy grace Thine own
Anointed cheer!"

Refrain:—O Lord of Hosts, how blest are they
Whose stronghold is in Thee alway!

3. One day within Thy courts excells a thousand days
elsewhere;

I long to lie before Thy gates, and bow myself in prayer;
An age in wicked men's abodes cannot with this com-
pare.

The Lord my God has proved Himself my Sun and Shield
always;

Mercy and faithfulness He gives, His glory and His
grace;

Yea, no good thing will He withhold from those who
seek His face.

Refrain:—O Lord of Hosts, how blest are they
Who put their trust in Thee alway.

1. i.e., the King.

PSALM LXXXV.

From the Director's Psalter. A Psalm of the Sons of Korah.

A prayer of the congregation some time after the return
from the captivity in Babylon, seeking for deliverance from
trouble on the ground of God's mercy shown in the restora-
tion of His people. It is in four six-line strophes of trimeters,
each followed by a couplet refrain, which is, however, omitted
by the copyist from all except the first strophe. A couplet
gloss has been added to the last strophe.

1. Lord, Thy land Thou once didst favour,
Jacob's weal Thou didst restore;

Thou forgavest our transgressions,
And our sins didst cover o'er.

(Interlude.)

Thou didst take away Thine anger,
Thy hot wrath Thou didst appease;
Refrain:—Turn to us, O God, and save us!
Let Thine indignation cease!

2. Shall Thine anger last for ever?
Shall it still pursue our race?
Wilt Thou not revive Thy people,
Make us joyful by Thy grace?
O Jehovah, show Thy mercy!
Grant us from our woes release!
Refrain:—Turn to us, O God, and save us!
Let Thine indignation cease!

2. What will be Jehovah's answer?
Peace He surely will proclaim
To His well-beloved people,
Who in truth revere His Name.
He will rescue those who fear Him,
He our glory will increase;
Refrain:—Turn to us, O God, and save us!
Let Thine indignation cease!

4. Truth and Mercy meet together;
Peace and Justice kiss in love;
Truth from out the earth upspringeth,
Mercy stoopeth from above.
Yea, the Lord will send His blessing,
And our land yield rich increase;
Justice is the Lord's fore-runner;
In His footsteps followeth Peace;
Refrain:—Turn to us, O God, and save us!
Let Thine indignation cease!

PSALM LXXXVI.

A Prayer of David.

This Psalm, if not written by David, shows familiarity with his style. It is in five four-line strophes of tetrameters. Two tetraстich glosses have been added to the third strophe, and

another tristich from Psalm liv., 5, in the fifth. A concluding gloss of six lines of trimeters closes the Psalm.

1. O Lord, to me incline Thy gracious ear!
In sorest need and trouble answer me!
Preserve my life, for I Thy name revere!
O save Thy servant, who doth trust in Thee!
2. Be gracious, Lord, to me, and hear my voice!
To Thee I make petition all the day.
O cause Thy servant's spirit to rejoice,
For I lift up my soul to Thee alway.
3. For Thou, O Lord, art ready to forgive;
From Thee my prayer abundant mercy brings;
Give ear, Jehovah, to my humble prayer!
And listen when I lift my cry to Thee!
On Thee I call, when overwhelmed with care;
For Thou, O Lord, I know, wilt answer me.
Almighty power is Thy prerogative,
For Thou art great, and doest wondrous things.
All nations whom Thy hand hath made, shall bow
In humble reverence before Thy throne;
Thy glorious majesty they shall avow,
And all confess that Thou art God alone.
4. Teach me Thy way! Thy truth to me impart!
Let me rejoice because I fear Thy Name!
Thee will I praise, O Lord, with all my heart,
And Thy great glory evermore proclaim.
5. Thy kindness ever doth my soul embrace;
Even from the Grave Thou madest me to rise;
O God, the proud have sought my soul to slay
And joined themselves in terrible array;
No thought of Thee their wicked plans doth stay.
For Thou, O Lord, art full of truth and grace;
Slow moves Thy wrath; Thy mercy swiftly flies.
O turn to me in tender grace!
To help Thy servant hie apace!
My mother did Thy name revere;
Unto her son for good appear!
That all my foes with shame may see
That Thou dost help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

A Psalm of the Sons of Korah. A Song.

A song in praise of Zion, dating probably from the time of Josiah. Rahab is Egypt; Babel, Babylon; and the Psalmist means that, while there are servants of Jehovah amongst these foreign nations, yet Zion is the mother of them all. It is in three triplets of pentameters.

1. His palace on the holy hills Jehovah loveth well,
Yea, Zion's gates above all towns where Jacob's children
dwell.
What glorious things He saith of thee, His chosen
citadel!

(Interlude.)

2. Rahab and Babel I will name; some who know Me dwell
there;
Tyre and Philistia; to them My children sometimes fare;
But Zion is the Mother of My people everywhere.
3. By God Almighty's powerful hand thou shalt estab-
lished be;
He enters in His register those who were born in thee.
(Interlude.)
Thy happy folk shall sing and dance in glad festivity.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

A Song. A Psalm of the Sons of Korah. From the Director's Psalter. To be sung to the tune, "Wounding, suffering affliction." A Meditation of Heman the Ezrahite.

This is a Psalm of the Exile, and is national, not personal. Heman was a Korahite, and the King's seer in David's reign, but the ascription of this Psalm to him is impossible. The fifty-third Psalm is set to the same tune. This Poem is in three twelve-line strophes, each made up of three tetrastiches. In the second strophe, the first tetrastich has been transposed to the end by the copyist. At the end of the second strophe is a tetrastich gloss.

1. Lord, I cry for help by day,
All night long to Thee I pray;
Let my crying reach Thy throne!
Listen to my bitter groan!

For my soul is full of woe;
 To the grave I swiftly go;
 I am reckoned with the dead;
 All my hope of help is fled.

Flung aside amongst the slain,
 In the Pit I must remain;
 Thou rememberest them no more;
 Rescue they in vain implore.

2. Every day I make my plea
 Spreading forth my hands to Thee.
 Can the dead Thy glory raise?
 Can the Shades show forth Thy praise?

(Interlude.)

Thou hast thrust me in the Pit,
 In the densest gloom I sit;
 I am withered by Thy frown;
 All Thy billows dash me down.

(Interlude.)

Mine acquaintance are removed;
 I am loathed by those I loved;
 No deliverance appears;
 Blinded are mine eyes with tears.

*How shall Thy kindness in the Grave be told?
 Or Thy sure mercies in Abaddon's hold?
 Thy wonders in oblivion must rot
 In that dark land where all things are forgot.*

3. Every morning, Lord, I cry,
 And my prayer ascends on high.
 Why dost Thou withhold Thy grace?
 And refuse to show Thy face?

From my youth hath Death been near;
 I am overwhelmed with fear;
 Storms of wrath have smitten me,
 Terror and calamity.

Floods of waters hem me round;
 No escape my soul hath found;
 All who loved and cared for me
 From this Place of Darkness flee!

PSALM LXXXIX.

A Meditation of Ethan the Ezrahite.

This is a composite Psalm made up of three poems (A, B, and C). The oldest portion, to which alone the title applies, was B. It was written probably by one of the exiles who were taken to Babylon along with Jehoiachin after the first capture of Jerusalem by the Babylonians (I. Kings xxiv. 10), and is an appeal to God on the ground of His original covenant with David. The author took the pseudonym of Ethan, the sage mentioned in I. Kings iv. 31, possibly because Ethan means "permanent," and the subject of the Psalm is the permanence of the kingdom of David. It is in four parts, each consisting of four quatrains of trimeters. A later editor prefixed to it a Psalm (A), setting forth the faithfulness and power of God in creation and providence; and he placed after its first quatrain the fourth quatrain of the first part of B, in order to state at the outset the whole subject of the composite poem, as it now stands in the Hebrew and English versions. It is in six quatrains of tetrameters. The same editor probably added the third Psalm (C), a plea for mercy, in two six-line strophes of tetrameters. A triplet gloss was finally added to A, for liturgical purposes. The Doxology at the end belongs to the whole of the third Book of Psalms, of which this is the last.

A.

1. Of mercy, Lord, for ever will I sing,
Thy faithfulness to all mankind make known;
In Thy command Thy mercy hath its spring;
Thy faithfulness is certain as Thy throne.

(Here, in the Hebrew, is inserted B.I.4.)

2. The heavens, O Lord, Thy wonders celebrate,
Thine holy angels Thy fidelity;
Who in the heavens is, as Jehovah, great?
Who of the sons of gods is like to Thee?
3. Amid Thine holy angels stands Thy throne,
Encompassed round with reverence and awe;
Thou, O Jehovah, art the Lord alone;
Thy grace and truth defend Thy sacred Law.
4. Thou rulest o'er the raging of the sea;
By Thee its heaving waves are hushed to peace.
Thou didst destroy Rahab's¹ proud chivalry,
With Thy strong arm didst make their fury cease.

1. Rahab means Egypt.

5. The Heavens are Thine, Thine also is the Earth;
The world with all its fulness Thou didst found;
Both North and South by Thee were brought to birth;
Tabor and Hermon with Thy Name resound.
6. Thy strong right arm throughout the world is known;
Thou strengthenest Thine hand with sovereign might;
Justice and Righteousness support Thy throne;
Mercy and Truth still stand before Thy sight.

*Happy are they that know the joyful sound!
Thy mercies, Lord, their daily path surround,
And evermore their shouts of holy praise abound.*

B.

- I. 1. Thou art the glory of our might,
And by Thy grace our horn is strong;
Our Shield doth to the Lord belong,
From God our king derives his right.
2. Once in a vision Thou didst say,
And to Thy son Thou gav'st this word;—
The crown I have on one conferred
Mighty the sovereign power to sway.
3. David My servant have I found,
Anointed him with holy oil;
My hand his enemies shall foil
And cast his foemen to the ground.
4. Unto My chosen then I swore,
With David made a covenant;
Thy seed Mine own right hand shall plant
Upon thy throne for evermore.

(Interlude.)

- II. 1. His foes shall never him betray,
No son of wrong shall do him harm;
But with the strength of My right arm
His adversaries will I slay.
2. By Truth and Mercy shall he stand;
His horn shall high exalted be;
His hand shall reach unto the Sea;
And to the River his right hand.

3. Me for his Father he shall own;
Through Me his foemen shall he scorn;
Yea, I will make him My first-born,
Above all kings exalt his throne.

4. My kindness shall be ever sure,
My covenant stand firm and fast;
His seed for evermore shall last;
His throne as long as heaven endure.

III. 1. But if His sons forsake My Law
And in My judgments fail to walk;
If they against My statutes talk,
And keep not My commands in awe;

2. They for their sins shall feel distress;
But, though My chastening hand they prove,
My mercy I will not remove,
Nor e'er belie My faithfulness.

3. My covenant I will not break,
Nor alter what My lips have said;
My oath shall be establish-ed
Even for My servant David's sake.

4. His seed shall last for evermore;
His sceptre shall survive the sun;
Yea, as the moon its course shall run,
And, like the steadfast heavens, endure.

(Interlude.)

IV. 1. But now Thou hast rejected him,
Against Thy king¹ Thy wrath has burned;
Thy faithful covenant Thou hast spurned,
And made his royal glory dim.

2. His fences all are broken down,
His fortresses in ruin lie,
The scorn of every passer-by;
His neighbours mock his tarnished crown.

3. His foes uplift their strong right hand,
And in his downfall take delight;

1. i.e., Jehoiachin.

His sword turns backward from the fight;
He cannot in the battle stand.

4. His sceptre hast Thou snatched away,
And overturned his royal throne;
His days of joyous youth are gone;
In shame Thou dost his limbs array.

(Interlude.)

C.

1. How long, O Lord, wilt Thou conceal Thy power?
How long shall Thine hot anger burn like fire?
Remember, Lord, how brief is Life's short hour,
How swiftly fades to nothing man's desire;
None can escape the chilling hand of death,
Or, when the Grave doth call, retain his lingering breath.

(Interlude.)

2. Where are Thy former deeds of kindness, Lord?
Which Thou in truth didst swear to David's seed?
Remember how Thy people are abhorred,
And scorned by all the nations for their meed.
Hear, Lord, the taunts Thine adversaries fling,
The taunts they daily hurl at Thine anointed king!

Doxology to Book III.

Blessed be God for evermore!
Jehovah's Name let all adore!
Amen and Amen!

The Fourth Book of Psalms

PSALM XC.

A Prayer of Moses the Man of God.

Most scholars believe that this Psalm is put into the mouth of Moses by the same sort of literary device as Tennyson uses in St. Simeon Stylites, and Browning in The Ring and the Book, and, indeed, most poets in one or other of their works. It is hardly likely that Moses can have written it himself, for it looks back upon a long national history. It is in seven strophes of five lines each, in trimeter measure. I see no reason for detaching the last strophe from the original poem. There are amplificatory glosses in the third and fourth strophes.

1. Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place
Throughout all generations;
Thou sat'st enthroned through endless days
Before Thou didst the mountains raise,
Or lay the earth's foundations.
2. O call us not from life and light,
Nor to the grave's dust banish!
A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like a transient watch of night;
Like flood-swept leaves they vanish.
3. Like grass that in the morn grows green,
That blossoms in the morning's sheen,
And in the evening fadeth,
We perish at Thy wrathful mien,
And wither in Thine anger keen,
For all our faults by Thee are seen;
No guilt Thine eye evadeth.
4. Our shortening days decline to death;
Thy wrath cuts short our being;
Our years are as a passing breath,
For seventy years our lives endure;
Strong men may even reach fourscore.

Their pride in travail withereth,
And swiftly are they fleeing.

5. Who can behold Thine angry face?
Who Thy dread deeds can number?
O teach us so to sum our days
That we may walk in wisdom's ways.
O Lord, no longer slumber!
6. In pity come to our relief!
May morning bring us gladness!
O let our sorrow's night be brief!
Let rapture compensate our grief,
Our bygone years of sadness!
7. O let Thy work to us appear,
And to our sons Thy splendour!
Do Thou in graciousness draw near
And stablish all our labours here!
Be Thou our work's defender!

PSALM XCI.

This Psalm has no title, but probably belongs to the late Persian or early Greek period. It is in four seven-line strophes of trimeters, with some explanatory glosses. Note the variation in the internal arrangement of the lines.

1. He, who dwells in God's abode,
Rests beneath the Almighty's shade;
Saith:—"My Refuge is in God,
"My strong Fortress, my sure Aid."
God will be thy safe defence
From the snare and pestilence;
'Neath His pinions thou shalt rest,
Covered warm within His nest;
Yea, His truth thy shield is made.
2. Night's grim terror do not fear,
Nor the dart that flies by day,
Nor the plague at midnight drear,
Nor the noon tide's burning ray!

Though a thousand feel the blow,
And ten thousand are laid low,
Thee it never shall dismay.
*Only shall thine eyes behold
Sinners' sorrows manifold.
Lord, my refuge is Thy grace!*

3. God is thy safe dwelling-place;
*Evil never shall frequent,
Nor the plague approach thy tent;*
He His angel-hosts commands
Thee to keep in all thy ways;
They shall bear thee in their hands
That no stone thy foot may graze.
On the adder thou shalt tread,
Trample on the lion's head.
4. "Him who loves Me I will save;
"Lift him high who knows My name;
"Give the boon his prayer doth crave;
"Stand beside him in the flame;
"Grace and honour he shall have.
"Satisfied with length of days,
"On My glory he shall gaze."

PSALM XCII.

A Psalm, a Song for the Sabbath Day.

A Song for use in the service of the Temple. It is in four six-line strophes of trimeters. There are three couplet glosses.

1. O sing Jehovah's praises,
Give thanks to God Most High,
When morn in glory blazes,
When stars are in the sky;
O chant His mercy to the lyre,
And let His truth your song inspire!
*From Thy works my joy proceeds,
Yea, I triumph in Thy deeds.*

2. Thy works declare Thy power;
Their wonder is profound.
*Not for a single hour
Can fools their mystery sound;*
The wicked, like a flower,
May blossom from the ground;
But their destruction draweth nigh,
For Thou art ever throned on high.
3. Thy foes shall be assaulted,
And scattered with their spoil;
My horn Thou hast exalted,
Enriched me with fresh oil;
Mine eyes shall see my foes in flight;
Mine ears shall hear their shouts of fright.
4. Like Lebanon's cedars towering
The righteous lift their head;
Within God's Temple flowering
Throughout His courts they spread;
Still in old age their fruit is seen,
For they shall flourish, ever green.

*To show that God upholds the right;
Our Rock in justice doth delight.*

PSALM XCIII.

This Psalm has no title in the Hebrew; but in the Septuagint it is prescribed "for the day before the Sabbath, when the earth was finished," and is assigned to David. It is really the first part of a magnificent Advent Hymn, which is continued in Psalms xcvi.-c. All these Psalms are in six-line strophes of trimeters, and should be read continuously without the glosses, which obscure the structure and unity of the poem. This particular Psalm has a three-line liturgical gloss at the end.

1. Jehovah reigns in majesty
Robed in the splendours of the sky;
Jehovah girds Himself with might.
Earth's changeless seat He stablished fast;
His throne for evermore shall last,
Encompassed with eternal light.

2. The oceans make a joyful noise,
The seas lift up their thunderous voice,
The seas Thy glorious strength record;
Above the breakers on the shore,
Sublime above their loudest roar,
Sublime on high art Thou, O Lord!

*Thy testimonies are most sure,
Yea, holiness for evermore
Doth with Thy dwelling-place accord.*

PSALM XCIV.

This Psalm has no title in the Hebrew, but in the Septuagint is attributed to David, and assigned to the fourth day of the week. It is a protest against the unjust way in which Israel has been treated, and an expression of confidence in the final judgments of Jehovah. It is in six four-line strophes of trimeters, with many glosses in various measures.

1. O Lord, to whom vengeance belongs,
In vengeance Thy glory display!
O Judge, who avengest earth's wrongs,
To the proud fitting recompense pay!
2. How long shall the wicked, O God,
How long shall the wicked rejoice?
They pour forth proud words in a flood,
And lift up their arrogant voice.

*Thy people, Lord, they crush, and Thine inheritance
dismay;
The widow and the sojourner, yea, e'en the orphan,
slay.
"God seeth not, nor doth the God of Jacob heed,"
they say.*

*Ye dumb brutes throughout the land,
Will ye never understand?*

*Shall He not hear, who planted first the ear?
Shall He, who formed the eye, Himself not see?
Shall He, who rules with discipline severe,
And guides the nations, uninstructed be?*

*The Lord discerneth human thought
That it is vain and comes to nought.*

3. How happy Thy scholar, O Lord,
Who the law of Thy mouth hath obeyed!
Rest from trouble shall be his reward,
Till the pit for the wicked is made.

4. Jehovah will never disown,
Nor abandon His heritage dear,
Till Justice returns to her throne,
While round it the righteous appear.

*O for a champion against my foes
To plead my cause with them that wrought my woes!
Unless the Lord had been a help for me,
Amongst the silent dead I now should be.*

*When I said, "My foot doth slip,"
God upheld me in His grip;
When my heart was torn with care,
Thy comfort saved me from despair.*

5. Oppressors Thou wilt not sustain,
Who sanction misdeeds by their laws;
They rejoice when the righteous are slain,
And the guiltless condemn without cause.

6. But the Lord is become my high tower,
My God is my refuge and strength;
The mischief they wrought shall devour,
Their wickedness slay them at length.

PSALM XCV.

This Psalm has no title in the Hebrew, but is attributed to David in the Septuagint. It consists of a Psalm of Praise for use in the Temple, arranged in two six-line strophes of trimeters. A couplet from Psalm c. connects this with a fragment of another Psalm in two five-line strophes of trimeters, which was probably a part of a Psalm based on the history of Israel.

A.

1. To Jehovah let us sing,
To our Rock our praises bring!
Come with thanks before His face,
Hail with psalms His saving grace!
For the Lord our God is great,
One and only Potentate!
2. In His hand is all the earth,
He the mountains brought to birth;
Ocean flowed at His command,
And He shaped the solid land;
Come, His glory let us own,
Humbly kneel before His throne!

*For He is our God, and we
The people of His pasture be.*

B.

1. To-day, if ye will hear My voice,
O make not a rebellious choice,
Like that at Meribah and Massah made,
When your forefathers tempted Me,
Though they My mighty works did see.
2. That rebel race I loathed, and said,
"Perverseness in their soul is bred,
"And from My ways in folly have they strayed."
Therefore did I in wrath ordain,
"My promised rest they ne'er shall gain!"

PSALM XCVI.

This Psalm is the second section of the great royal Psalm, which begins with Psalm xciii., and is continued in the next four Psalms. It had no title in the Hebrew, but is attributed by the Septuagint to David, and then inconsistently stated to have been composed "when the House was built after the return from the Captivity." It is incorporated by the Chronicler in the Psalm said to have been sung by David and the people, when the Ark was brought up to Zion (I. Chron. xvi. 23). It is in three six-line strophes of trimeters; but an extract from Psalm xxix. is inserted after the second strophe, and the concluding verse is added from Psalm xcvi. 9.

1. O sing to God new songs of mirth!
 O praise Jehovah, all the earth!
 Yea, sing to Him and bless His Name!
 Declare His triumphs day by day,
 To all the nations round display
 The glories of His wondrous fame!

2. The Lord is greatly to be feared,
 Above all gods to be revered;
 The heathen gods are idols vain;
 Jehovah made the heavens high,
 He reigns in glorious majesty,
 And strength and beauty crown His fane.

*Ascribe to Jehovah,—all nations unite!
 Ascribe to Jehovah all glory and might!
 Ascribe to Jehovah the praise of His Name!
 O bring ye an offering with grateful acclaim!
 Yea, worship Jehovah in vestments of flame!*

3. Dance, all the world, to cheerful strains!
 Proclaim aloud, "Jehovah reigns!"
*The earth He fixed by His decree,
 And judges men in equity.*
 Let heaven and earth in Him rejoice!
 Let ocean thunder on the shore,
 The fields exult with all their store,
 And forests make a joyful noise!

*Before the Lord; for He draws near,
 To judge the world He doth appear.
 Justly all wrongs He will redress,
 And judge the world in righteousness.*

PSALM XCVII.

This Psalm forms the next section of the great Advent Psalm. It consists of two six-line strophes of trimeters; but a number of glosses have been added in later editions, which break the continuity of the poem.

1. Jehovah reigns! Let earth rejoice!
 Let all the isles lift up their voice!

Thick gloom and clouds surround His throne;
On righteousness His throne is based;
And justice by His side is placed;
Fire flashes out before His face;
His foes are shrivelled in its blaze;
His lightnings through the world have shone.

2. The firm earth trembles in dismay;
Like wax the mountains melt away
Before the face of God our King.
Let all the earth His power confess!
The heavens declare His righteousness,
And all mankind His praises sing.

Let those who worship images,
And prayer to stocks and stones address,
Be covered with eternal shame!
Worship, ye gods, Jehovah's name!

In Thy just judgments Zion doth rejoice,
And Judah's daughters raise their jubilant voice.

Almighty God, above the earth most High!
Over all gods Thou reignest from the sky!

By all who truly love the Lord
Be evil evermore abhorred!
The Lord preserves His servants' lives,
And far away their foemen drives.
Upon the righteous light doth shine,
And gladness from Jehovah's shrine.
Be glad, ye righteous, in the Lord,
With praise His holiness record!

PSALM XCIII.

A Psalm.

This is another section of the great Advent Psalm. It consists of three six-line strophes of trimeters, with two glosses of later date.

1. O sing to God new songs of mirth!
O praise Jehovah, all the earth!

For wondrous things His hand hath done;
 The conquest His right arm hath gained,
 And all the nations hath constrained
 His truth and righteousness to own.

His faithfulness and mercy He to Israel hath displayed;
Earth's furthest bounds have seen how God hath sent His people aid.

2. O shout His praises, all the earth!
 Break out in songs of holy mirth;
 Yea, tune the lyre and anthems sing!

Let psalms re-echo to the lyre,
 The trumpet and the horn conspire
 In loudest praises to our King!

3. Let ocean lift his thunderous voice,
 The earth and all therein rejoice,
 And let the rivers clap their hands!
 Yea, let the mountains jubilate
 Before the Lord, who comes in state
 To judge mankind through all the lands.

Justly all wrongs He will redress,
And judge the world in righteousness.

PSALM XCIX.

This is another section of the Advent Psalm; but two strophes have been added to it, emphasising the relation of God to the history of Israel. The original consists of two six-line strophes of trimeters.

1. Jehovah reigns! The nations quake,
 Before His face the earth doth shake;
 His throne stands firm on Zion's height.
 His glorious majesty proclaim
 And praise His great and awful Name,
 Supreme in holiness and might.
2. Jehovah reigns in righteousness!
 His equity let all confess,
 His judgments wrought in Jacob's sight!

Let all in His high praise agree,
Before His footstool bend the knee,
Supreme in holiness and might.

*Moses and Aaron were His priests,
And Samuel kept His sacred feasts;
They called upon His glorious Name;
To those who loved His holy Law
He spake in majesty and awe
From out the pillar of cloud and flame.*

*Lord, Thou didst hearken to their cry,
And in forgiveness drewest nigh,
Though sinners felt Thy vengeful rod.
Exalt the Lord Jehovah still,
And worship at His holy hill;
For holy is the Lord our God.*

PSALM C.

A Psalm for the Thank-offering.

This is the concluding section of the Advent Psalm. The title was added later. It consists of two six-line strophes of trimeters.

1. O praise Jehovah, all the earth!
Yea, serve the Lord with holy mirth,
And let your anthems loudly swell!
Know ye that He is God alone!
He made us and we are His own,
The sheep that in His pastures dwell.
2. O enter then His gates with praise!
Within His courts your voices raise!
Give thanks to Him and bless His Name!
Yea, praise the Lord, for He is good,
His mercy hath for ever stood,
To endless ages still the same.

PSALM CI.

A Psalm of David.

This Psalm is a profession of personal integrity, and is in two four-line strophes of pentameters. The repetition of some form of the first personal pronoun suffix (my, mine, or me) in each line gives the effect of assonance, as in Psalm vi. and many others. An introductory tetrastich of trimeters has been prefixed, and there are glosses after each strophe, to make the Psalm more appropriate to David as the ruler of the land.

*Mercy and justice will I sing,
And offer praise to God my King;
On wisdom and integrity
My heart is set; Lord, come to me!*

1. Within my household I direct my daily path aright;
No wicked thing do I permit to come before my sight;
I do not turn aside from God; the thought is strange
to me;
Evil I know not; from my heart I drive perversity.
*The slanderer of his neighbour's name I will exter-
minate;*
*Oppressors, with their haughty looks, I will not
tolerate.*
2. Mine eye is fixed on faithful souls, with me they still
shall dwell;
My servants shall be those who in integrity excel;
Deceitful men shall never find within my house a place,
And none of those who utter lies shall stand before my
face.
*Morning by morning I will slay the wicked of the
land,*
*That from the city of the Lord all sinners may be
banned.*

PSALM CII.

A Prayer of the Afflicted, when he was fainting and pouring out his complaint before Jehovah.

This is a composite Psalm. The first Psalm is ancient, and consists of four six-line strophes of trimeters. The second

Psalm seems to belong to the time of the rebuilding of Jerusalem after the return from Babylon, and consists of four six-line strophes of trimeters (or, as Briggs prefers, two six-line strophes of hexameters). Before the last couplet two glosses have been inserted, the first taken from Hezekiah's prayer (Isaiah xxxviii. 10), the second a beautiful fragment from some longer Psalm. The title only applies to the first of the Psalms.

A.

1. O Jehovah, hear my prayer!
Listen to my earnest cry!
Do not leave me in despair,
While in lonely grief I sigh!
Lord, incline Thy gracious ear,
Swiftly to my help draw near!
2. Even like smoke my life-days pass,
Burn my bones like kindled wood;
Withered like the fading grass,
I forget to eat my food;
All my days resound with groans;
Men can count my staring bones.
3. Like an owl, or pelican
Of the wilderness am I;
From the lone house-top I scan,
Like a hawk, the pitiless sky;
All day long I suffer shame;
Those who wound me curse my name.
4. Ashes do I eat for bread,
And my drink is mixed with tears;
Of Thy wrath I stand in dread;
Neither help nor hope appears;
As the evening shadows grow,
Withered to the grave I go.

B.

1. O Lord, Thou sitt'st enthroned for aye,
From age to age Thy glory grows;
Arise and pity Zion's woes,
For now is come her destined day;

Thy servants in her stones delight,
Her dust is precious in their sight.

2. All nations shall revere Thy Name,
Kings praise Thee in their royal halls,
When Thou hast built up Zion's walls,
And into glory turned her shame;
Hast come to save her from despair,
And not despised Thy people's prayer.
3. This shall be written in a book
For generations yet to come,
How from His heaven's lofty dome
Upon the earth the Lord did look
To hear the prisoners' bitter cry,
And rescue those condemned to die.
4. Zion Jehovah's name records,
Jerusalem shows forth His praise;
And in those long-expected days
When all the kingdoms are the Lord's,
My strength He weakened in the way; my life is well nigh gone;
O take me not away, my God, before my work is done!
Thy years shall last for evermore;
Thine hands of old the earth did found
And spread the covering heavens around;
They perish, but Thou shalt endure;
Yea, like a robe once worn with pride,
They shall be changed and set aside;
But Thou, O Lord, art still the same;
Eternal is Thy glorious Name!
Thy servants' children will be there,
And all their seed the triumph share.

PSALM CIII.
A Davidic Psalm.

This noble Psalm is in seven four-line strophes of trimeters, with two similar strophes appended later for liturgical purposes. There are also three brief explanatory glosses.

1. Bless Jehovah, O my soul!
All within me praise His Name!
Bless Jehovah, O my soul!
All His benefits proclaim!
2. All thy sins He doth forgive,
All thy sicknesses doth cure;
Dying, yet in Him I live,
Of all blessedness secure.
*He crowneth thee with all beatitude,
And, like the eagle's, is thy youth renewed.*
3. Righteous acts the Lord hath done;
He His captive people freed,
Made His ways to Moses known,
And His acts to Israel's seed.
4. He will not rebuke alway,
Nor retain His anger still;
All our sins He puts away,
Nor returns us ill for ill.
5. Yea, the heaven is not so high
As the measure of His love;
Far as East from West doth lie,
All our guilt He doth remove.
6. As a father loves his son,
God loves those who on Him trust;
Well our frame to Him is known;
He remembers we are dust.
7. Man's brief days are like the grass
And he blossoms as a flower;
*When the scorching wind doth pass,
All its pride is quickly o'er.*
But God's love no ending has,
Ever changeless as His power.
*Unto those who keep His Law,
Practise it with reverent awe.*
8. God in heaven hath set His throne,
Yea, He rules as king alone.

*Bless the Lord, ye angel throng,
For His service ever strong!*

9. *Bless the Lord, all ye His host,
Who to do His bidding post!
Every creature, great and small,
Bless the Lord, who ruleth all!*

Bless Jehovah, O my soul!

PSALM CIV.

This is the first of a group of Hallel Psalms, and begins and ends with a liturgical formula. It celebrates the praise of God in Creation, and the poet follows the order of the story in Gen. i. It is in seven eight-line strophes of trimeters, with several explanatory or amplificatory glosses, one of which (the reference to the ships in Strophe 6) is quite out of place. The final imprecation bears the stamp of the Mac-cabæan period.

Bless Jehovah, O my soul!

1. Great art Thou, O Lord Jehovah,
Clothed in might and majesty!
Light Thou madest for Thy garment;
Stretchedest out heaven's canopy;
Laidst its beams within the waters,
Clouds, Thy chariots, didst prepare;
Marchedst on the rushing air;
Thou didst make the winds Thy servants,
Flaming fire Thy messenger.

2. Thou didst fix the earth's foundations
That it nevermore should move;
Waters clothed it like a garment,
Rising high the hills above.
At Thy thunder-peal they scattered,
At Thy stern rebuke they fled,
Up the mountains, down the valleys,
To their destined place they sped;
Nevermore to pass their limit
Breaking from their ocean-bed.

3. Springs ran rippling to the valleys,
From the mountain sides they burst,
Giving drink to all Thy creatures;
There wild asses quench their thirst.
Round the fountains birds came nesting,
With their songs of woodland mirth;
Rain descended on the mountains
Watering the fruitful earth.
4. Grass sprang up to feed the cattle,
Herbage to repay man's toil;
Bread he garnered from the furrows,
Made his face to shine with oil.
Wine he grew, his heart to gladden,
Corn to feed him from the soil;
Mighty trees with sap were nourished,
Cedars high on Lebanon's crest,
Where the stork could build her nest;
Wild goats roamed upon the mountains,
Conies in the rocks found rest.
5. Next He made the moon for seasons,
Taught the sun his time to set,
Then comes night, in darkness shrouded,
Savage beasts the wilds beset.
When young lions come forth roaring,
Till their food from God they get.
Now the sun in splendour riseth,
Drives the lion to his den;
Man steps out to ply his labour
Till the evening comes again.
O how manifold the marvels
Which in wisdom Thou didst plan!
6. Yonder smiles the mighty ocean,
Filled with fish, a countless clan,
Large and small, the waters cleaving,
Ships upon the billows heaving,
And God's toy, Leviathan.
Earth is filled with all Thy creatures,
And they wait on Thy command;

*Food they seek from Thee, their Father;
That Thou givest them they gather,
Nourished from Thy open hand.*

7. When Thy face is hid, they tremble;
When Thy Spirit goes, they die;
In their native dust they lie;
He returns; they are created;
Earth revives as He draws nigh.
Lord, Thy glory is eternal,
In Thy works Thou dost rejoice;
Earth doth tremble at His name;
At His touch the mountains flame.
Sweet to Thee be this, my anthem,
Which I chant with cheerful voice!
While I live, I'll bless the Lord,
And His tuneful praise record!
Let sinners perish from the land,
Destroy the wicked by Thy hand!
Bless Jehovah, O my soul!

PSALM CV.

This Psalm and the next form one historic poem, rehearsing the history of Israel from the covenant with Abraham down to the Return from Babylon. Each part consists of twelve four-line strophes of trimeters. After its division into two parts, a liturgical prefix was placed at the beginning of each, and a brief conclusion was added to Psalm cv. Many amplificatory glosses were added from time to time.

Hallelujah!

*Give thanks to God, extol His name,
Make known His deeds to all mankind!
Sing praise to Him with loud acclaim,
And let His works be kept in mind!
O glory in His holy name!
Let those rejoice who seek the Lord!
Let His great might your trust inflame,
And seek His face with one accord!
Commemorate His wondrous deeds,
The justice that from Him proceeds!*

1. Sons of Abraham His servant,
Seed of Jacob whom He chose,
He is God, the Lord Jehovah;
All the earth His judgments knows.
2. He will ne'er forget His promise,
His eternal covenant,
Which to Abraham our father,
And to Jacob He did grant.
*Yea, He swore an oath to Isaac,
And to Israel did engage,
"Thou shalt have the land of Canaan
"For a lasting heritage."*
3. When they were but few in number,
Very few, and sojourners,
*Going from nation unto nation,
Weary, wandering travellers;*
None He suffered to oppress them,
Kings rebuked, like chidden curs.
*Saying, "Touch not Mine anointed!
Harm My prophets, he who dares!"*
4. He ordained a grievous famine,
Bread He did from men withhold;
Then He sent a man before them;
Joseph for a slave was sold.
5. There they chafed his feet with fetters,
Irons clamped on every limb;
Till His word received fulfilment,
God's own word, that tested him.
6. Then a heaven-sent King released him,
Yea, the Ruler set him free;
Made him lord of all his household,
Master of his treasury.
*Gave him power to bind his princes,
Teach his elders policy.*
7. Israel next came down to Egypt,
In the land of Ham sojourned;
When God made His people fruitful,
Egypt's heart to hatred turned.

*Stronger than their foes He made them;
Then their cruel craft they learned.*

8. Then He sent His servant Moses,
Aaron to his help He brought;
Mighty miracles and wonders
In the land of Ham He wrought.

*They were overwhelmed with darkness;
Nor His word could they withstand.*

9. Into blood He changed their waters,
So that all the fish were killed;
Frogs came swarming o'er the land,
And e'en the royal palace filled.
Clouds of flies, and lice unnumbered,
Harassed them by His command.

10. Then for rain He gave them hail-stones,
Flaming fire through all their coasts;
Smote their fruitful vines and fig-trees,
All the forest's leafy hosts.

11. He commanded, and the locusts
Flew in countless swarms around,
Ate all herbage in their country,
Ate the fruit of all their ground.

12. Through the land He smote their first-born,
Even the first-fruits of their might;
Led His people forth with treasure;
Not one stumbled in his flight.

*Glad was Egypt at their going,
For her heart was filled with fear.
With a cloud their head He covered,
Through the night the fire shone clear.
Quails He gave them for their asking,
Fed them with the bread of God;
Cleft the rock, and gushing waters
Through the thirsty desert flowed.
He remembered well His promise
Unto Abraham of old,
And brought forth His chosen people*

*Singing songs of triumph bold.
Gave to them the land of Canaan
With its fruits and springing grain;
That they might observe His statutes
And His holy Law maintain.*

PSALM CVI.

This is the second part of the poem, of which the first is Psalm cv. There is a long introductory gloss, containing liturgical couplets, prayer, and confession. Several amplificatory glosses are added throughout the Psalm, and there is a final liturgical tetraстиch. The Doxology at the end belongs to the whole of Book IV., of which this is the last Psalm. The original is in twelve four-line strophes of trimeters, which I have numbered consecutively on the previous Psalm.

*Hallelujah!
Praise God for all His goodness past!
His mercy shall for ever last.*

*Who can declare the works of God,
Or worthily His praise record?
Happy are they who know His Law,
Whose righteousness is free from flaw.*

*Remember me, and grant me, Lord, among Thine own
a place,
And let me with Thy people share Thy favour and
Thy grace,
That I may see the happiness of all Thy chosen race;
That in Thy nation's gladness I may evermore rejoice,
And in their loud exulting songs may raise my grate-
ful voice.*

*We, like our sires, have sinned, we do confess,
And done iniquity and wickedness;
For they considered not Thy wondrous deeds,
Nor how Thy love provided for their needs,
But were rebellious at the Sea of Reeds.*

*For His Name's sake He saved His own
To make His might and glory known.*

13. At His word the Sea divided,
 Through the depths His flock He led;
*So He saved His chosen people
 From the foes from whom they fled;*
 But the waters drowned their foemen,
 None was left to cause them dread.
*Then they knew His word was faithful,
 And in triumph sang His praise;
 But they soon forgot His wonders,
 Would not wait to learn His ways.*

14. In the wilderness they lusted,
 In the desert tempted God;
 And He granted their petition,
 Filled their greedy mouths with food.

15. In the camp they envied Moses,
 Aaron's priesthood did deny;
 So the earth engulfed Abiram,
 Dathan, and their company.
*And the fire consumed the rebels,
 Flame devoured them from on high.*

16. Then in Horeb they wrought folly,
 Worshipped there a molten calf;
*Changed the glory of Jehovah
 To an ox that eateth chaff;*
 They forgot their God and Saviour,
 And His deeds in their behalf.
*How He led them out of Egypt,
 Guided by His rod and staff.*

17. Then He purposed to destroy them,
 Had not Moses, whom he chose,
 Stood within the breach before Him
 'Gainst His wrath to interpose.

18. They refused the Land of Promise,
 Would not hearken to His word,
For His promise they distrusted;
Murmurings in their tents were heard.
 So He swore that they should perish
 As they through the desert fared.

*Scattered them among the nations,
And to foreign lands transferred.*

19. Then they worshipped Baal-Peor,
Sacrificed to idols dead;
They provoked Him by their doings
Till the plague their camp o'erspread.
20. Phinehas stood up to save them,
And the deadly plague was stayed;
For his righteousness God's priesthood
Sure to him and his was made.
21. Then at Meribah they murmured;
Moses suffered for their sake;
In his wrath at their rebellion
With his lips he rashly spake.
22. They did not destroy the peoples,
Whom God bade them to efface;
Mixed with them and learned their vileness,
Nay, they served their idols base;
In their wiles they were entangled,
Slew their sons to win their grace.
Yea, they slew their sons and daughters
With their own remorseless hand;
Sacrificed to Canaan's idols,
And with blood defiled the land;
By such deeds they were polluted,
And defied the Lord's command.
23. Then the wrath of God was kindled;
He abhorred His heritage;
Let their enemies subdue them,
Left them to their spiteful rage.
So their enemies oppressed them,
And they wore the captive's chain.
Many a time were they delivered,
But they soon rebelled again.
24. Then God looked upon their anguish,
When He heard their bitter cry;

He His covenant remembered,
Pitying their misery.

*Even those who led them captive
He inclined to clemency.*

*Save us, O our Lord Jehovah,
And restore Thy chosen race!
So Thy Name shall be exalted,
And our lips shall sing Thy praise!*

General Doxology.

O bless the God of Israel, Jehovah is His Name!
From age to age in joyful song His endless praise
proclaim!

(Here let all the people say)
Amen! Hallelujah!

The Fifth Book of Psalms

PSALM CVII.

The original Psalm consisted of four parallel strophes, each made up of three four-line verses of trimeters. Prefixed to the second and third verses of each strophe is a refrain. An introductory liturgical verse has been prefixed to the whole Psalm; and several amplificatory glosses have been added, especially in the fourth strophe. A later editor appended five tetrastiches, giving further examples of God's saving grace, to the fourth of which a couplet gloss was still later added.

Hallelujah!

*Praise God for all His goodness past!
His mercy shall for ever last.
O let His ransomed people sing,
To whom He did redemption bring!*

*He led them home from East and West,
From North and South, and gave them rest.*

1. In the wilderness they strayed,
Sought in vain for human aid;
Faint with thirst and hunger there,
They were ready to despair.

*In their need to God they cried
That His help might be supplied;
Then He set them on their way
To where men's habitations lay.*

*Let all people praise Him then
For His wondrous deeds to men;
To the thirsty help He brings,
Fills the hungry with good things.*

2. Into darkness they were cast,
Iron fetters bound them fast;
*For they had despised the Lord,
Would not hearken to His word;*

With hard toil their spirit broke,
Crushed beneath the tyrant's yoke.

In their need to God they cried
That His help might be supplied;
Then their darkness He dispersed,
And their bonds asunder burst.

Let all people praise Him then
For His wondrous deeds to men;
Doors of brass He brake amain,
Bars of iron hewed in twain.

3. They were smitten with disease
For their gross iniquities;
Food did they abominate,
Drawing near to Death's dark gate.

In their need to God they cried,
That His help might be supplied;
Then His healing word He gave
From the Pit their lives to save.

Let all people praise Him then
For His wondrous deeds to men;
Grateful offerings let them bring,
And of all His mercies sing!

4. O'er the sea in ships they sailed,
As they voyage o'er the deep,
Where the surging billows sweep,
They behold the works of God,
His wonders in the watery flood.
But the stormy wind prevailed,
Lifted up the waves on high,
Now to heaven they giddily go,
Now they sink to depths below;
Till their soul was like to die.
Like a drunken man they reel,
All their helplessness they feel.

In their need to God they cried
That His help might be supplied;

Then He hushed the storm to peace,
Bade the billows' raging cease.

*So in gladness are they brought
To the haven that they sought.*

Let all people praise Him then
For His wondrous deeds to men;
Let them join in glad acclaim,
With the Elders bless His Name!

*Streams He turns to deserts dry,
Waters to sterility;
Fruitful lands to barren wastes;
So the sinner vengeance tastes.*

*O'er the desert rain He brings,
Waters it with gushing springs;
So the hungry settle there,
Build a city large and fair.*

*Fields they sow and vineyards plant,
Fruits of increase God doth grant;
Through His help they multiply;
Growing herds rejoice their eye.*

*Then again are they brought down,
'Neath the proud oppressor's frown;
Princes proud He doth dismay,
Makes them in the desert stray.*

*But He sets them on a rock;
Multiplies them like a flock.*

*This the upright sees with joy;
Slanderous tongues find no employ.
These things let the Wise record,
Tell the goodness of the Lord!*

PSALM CVIII.

A Song. A Psalm of David.

This Psalm is made up of—(a) Psalm lvii. 7-11; and (b) Psalm lx. 5-12.

A.

1. Lord, my heart is fixed to bless Thee,
And my thoughts to song aspire;
Wake, my soul, and strike the psaltery,
Wake day's dawning with the lyre!
2. I will sing among the peoples,
Through the world my chant shall rise;
For Thy mercy reaches heaven,
And Thy truth transcends the skies.

Refrain:—Be praised above the heavens, O Lord!
Let all the earth Thy fame record!

B.

1. That Thy beloved ones may be set free,
O let Thy right hand bring us victory!
 1. Jehovah's word will never fail;—
"Shechem with shouts I will assail,
"And mete out Succoth's fruitful vale.
 2. "Gilead, Manasseh, both are Mine;
"As My strong casque shall Ephraim shine;
"And Judah leads My battle-line.
 3. "Moab to wash My feet I use;
"Edom My sandals shall unloose;
"Philistia's hosts I will confuse."
 4. O who will lead our hosts along
To capture Edom's city strong?
Lord, wilt not Thou avenge our wrong?

Though Thou didst make us turn our backs in flight,
And cam'st not with our armies to the fight.

2. O give us help in our extremity,
For man can never bring us victory;
Thou, Lord, with valour shalt Thy people crown,
And trample all our adversaries down.

PSALM CIX.

From the Director's Psalter. A Psalm of David.

This is a composite Psalm. The first part (A) consists of seven four-line strophes of trimeters, and is the one to which the title refers; but the editor has inserted between Strophes 1 and 2 an imprecatory Psalm of Maccabæan times, directed against an unjust ruler or magistrate—possibly Antiochus Epiphanes himself. This (B) consists of five four-line strophes of trimeters. Glosses have been inserted in the first strope of (A), and at the end of the Psalm.

A.

1. God of my praise, hold not Thy peace!
*Their wicked mouth they open wide,
And slander me on every side.*
For flatterers compass me with lies;
Their words of hatred never cease;
*They fight against me without cause;
My love from them fresh hatred draws;
They press me hard even while I pray,
My good with evil still repay.*
My love provokes new calumnies.

B.

1. Appoint a tyrant for his lord,
And set his foe at his right hand;
Let the High Court his guilt record,
And let the adverse verdict stand!
2. Cut short his days in wretchedness;
His office let another take;
Yea, let his sons be fatherless,
His wife let Death a widow make!
3. May his sons tread the beggars' path,
Be banished from their desolate home!
His creditors seize all he hath,
His hard-earned wealth to strangers come!
4. Let none be found to show him grace,
Or help his orphans in their need!
Cut off the remnant of his race,
Blot out the memory of his seed!

5. Remember still his father's crimes,
 The sins of her who gave him birth!
 Let God behold them at all times,
 And wipe his memory from the earth!

A.

2. Kindness was never in his thought;
 The poor and wretched he pursued;
 To break their bleeding heart he sought,
 And took no joy in doing good.

3. Cursing he loved, to him it came;
 He wore it as his wonted dress;
 Like water it refreshed his frame,
 And oiled his bones with suppleness.

4. Let it enfold him like his clothes,
 And like a girdle grip his waist!
 This be the wages paid to those
 Who with their lies have me disgraced!

5. But, O Jehovah, work with me,
 And in Thy grace my cause sustain!
 I am o'erwhelmed with misery;
 My heart within me writhes in pain.

6. Like shades at evening I depart,
 At dawn my life away is flung;
 Fasting has paralyzed my heart,
 And leanness to my flesh has clung.
*They make a laughing-stock of me,
 And wag their heads in mockery.*

7. O Lord my God, my foes withstand!
 And let Thy love deliverance bring!
 That they may recognize Thy hand,
 And know that Thou hast done this thing.

*Yea, let them curse, if Thou dost bless!
 When they lift up their venomous voice
 They shall be covered with disgrace,
 Whilst I, Thy servant, shall rejoice.
 Let all my foes be clothed with shame,
 And let dishonour brand their name!*

*My soul shall magnify the Lord,
Amidst His own His praise record;
Beside the poor He still doth stand
To save them from the oppressor's hand.*

PSALM CX.

A Psalm of David.

This is an ancient Psalm, certainly composed before the exile and the Assyrian invasions. I see no reason to question its Davidic authorship, or its Messianic reference. It is in two five-line strophes of pentameters; but two later glosses have been inserted, the first a prayer for deliverance from enemies, the second a Midrashic comparison of David's priesthood to that of Melchizedek.

1. Jehovah to my lord hath said: "Sit throned at my right hand

"Until I make thine enemies a footstool for thy feet;
"With thy strong sceptre on thy foes enforce thy stern command!"

O Lord, send now salvation out of Zion to our land!
"Upon the sacred hills thy hosts with willing hearts shall meet,
"While, countless as the drops of dew, the youths surround thy seat."

2. The Lord hath sworn and will not change: "Thou art a priest for aye."

Yea, even like Melchizedek, who held in Salem sway.
My lord at God's right hand doth smite his foemen in his wrath;
Judgment he executes on kings, the corpses choke his way;
He smites the chiefs, and through far lands treads his victorious path,
Yea, makes them all his heritage; therefore great fame he hath.

PSALM CXI.

The first of the series of Hallel Psalms (cxii.-cxviii.). It is an acrostic or alphabetic Psalm, in eleven trimeter couplets.

Hallelujah!

1. A ll my heart the Lord shall praise,
B less Him in His holy place;
2. C elebrate His deeds of might,
D ear to our rejoicing sight.
3. E ver shall His honour last,
F or His righteousness stands fast.
4. G reat are all His works and ways;
H e is full of truth and grace.
5. I nfinate spoil His love doth grant;
J ustice guards His covenant.
6. K ingly power He still hath shown,
L aid the vanquished nations prone.
7. M atchless are His truth and love;
N othing can His laws remove.
8. O n eternal right they rest,
P ure and holy still confessed.
9. R ansom He to us hath sent,
S ealed for aye His Covenant.
10. T errible is His holy Name;
U nderstanding from Him came.
11. W ise is he who God obeys;
Y ea, eternal is His praise!

PSALM CXII.

Another alphabetic Psalm in eleven trimeter couplets; the mate of the preceding Psalm, and probably by the same author.

Hallelujah!

1. A h! what joy to fear the Lord!
B least is he who loves His word!

2. C rowned with glory are his seed;
D ignity shall be their meed.
3. E ndless riches fill his stores;
F aithfulness his house secures.
4. G lorious light on him doth shine;
H elp and grace in him combine.
5. I n that he doth freely lend,
J ustice shall his cause defend.
6. L o! he never shall be moved;
M emory keeps his name beloved.
7. N o ill tidings doth he fear;
O rdered is his mind and clear.
8. P eace preserves him in repose;
R eady to resist his foes.
9. S uccour to the poor he gives;
T hus his righteous memory lives.
10. U nto honour shall he rise;
V ile men gaze with envious eyes;
11. W ildly gnash their teeth in woe;
Y earn for joys they ne'er shall know.

PSALM CXIII.

This is the first Psalm of the Jewish liturgical Hallel; this and the next Psalm were sung before the Passover meal, and Psalms cxv.-cxviii. after it. It is in four four-line strophes of trimeters, with a gloss from Hannah's Song (I. Sam. ii. 8).

Hallelujah!

1. O ye servants of the Lord,
Praise His Name with one accord!
Let mankind His Name adore
Henceforth and for evermore!

2. From the East to furthest West
He is worthy to be blessed.
O'er the world He rules on high,
Sets His throne above the sky.
3. Who is like the God we own,
Seated on His lofty throne?
Yet He stoopeth down to see
All in heaven and earth that be.
4. He doth raise His favoured sons
From the dust to kingly thrones;
Lifts the poor from noisome pit,
And with princes makes him sit;
Yea, enthrones His childless spouse,¹
Fills with sons her joyful house.

1. i.e., Israel.

PSALM CXIV.

An historical poem, telling how Nature was affected at the Exodus. It is in two six-line strophes of trimeters; but two glosses have been added, the first furnishing a quite wrong apodosis to the first two lines, the second spoiling the Psalm by a bathetic conclusion.

Hallelujah!

1. When Israel came from Egypt's land,
Whose speech they did not understand,
God in Judah fixed His throne,
Over Israel ruled alone.
Then the sea beheld and fled,
Jordan's current backward sped;
Lofty mountains skipped like rams,
Little hills like sportive lambs.
2. Why, O Sea, didst thou divide?
Why did Jordan backward glide?
Why did ye mountains skip like rams,
And ye hills like sportive lambs?
The Lord of all the earth ye saw,
"Twas Jacob's God inspired your awe!
He who made the rock a pool,
The flinty rock a fountain cool.

PSALM CXV.

This Psalm is composite. The first Psalm (A) is a scornful denunciation of idolatry, and is in four four-line strophes of trimeters; the second (B) is a responsive Litany for Temple use, in three six-line strophes of trimeters, and is of much later date than (A).

Hallelujah!

A.

1. Not to us, Lord, but to Thee
Let all praise and glory be!
For Thy truth and equity.
Wherefore should the nations say,
"Where is this God to whom ye pray?"
2. Our God is in the heavens still,
And doeth whatsoe'er He will.
Human hands *their* idols made,
With gold and silver overlaid.
3. Mouths they have, but dumb they be;
Eyes they have, but cannot see;
Ears they have, but cannot hear;
Noses, but no smell is there.
4. Hands they have, but cannot feel;
Feet, but are immovable;
Through their throat no speech can steal;
Be their makers dead as they,
And all who such false gods obey!

B.

1. Priest: O house of Israel, trust in God!
People: He is their help and shield.
Priest: O house of Aaron, trust in God!
People: He is their help and shield.
Priest: O ye that fear Him, trust in God!
People: He is their help and shield.
2. People: He is their help and shield indeed!
O Lord, remember us and bless!
O Lord, the house of Israel bless!

O Lord, the house of Aaron bless!
 O Lord, all them that fear Thee bless!
 Both great and small Thy mercy need.

3. Priest: To you and to your children, too,
 Jehovah's grace be given!
 Yea, blessed be ye of the Lord
 Who made both earth and heaven!
 The Heaven is to the Lord assigned;
 The earth He gave to all mankind.
 *The dead can never praise the Lord,
 Upon that silent shore;
 But we will bless His holy Name
 Henceforth for evermore!*

PSALM CXVI.

This Psalm consists of nine three-line strophes of trimeters, each concluding with a refrain, which is, however, omitted in some cases in the Hebrew text. There are a few amplificatory glosses.

Hallelujah!

1. I love the Lord! my strength is He!
 He listens when I bow the knee,
 And still inclines His ear to me,
 So on His Name I call!
2. The snares of Death beset me round,
 The pains of Hell my soul confound,
 Trouble and sorrow have I found,
 So on His Name I call!
3. O let my soul deliverance find,
 For God is merciful and kind,
 And keeps the man of simple mind;
 His mercy none in vain have craved;
 I was brought low, but me He saved.
 So on His Name I call!

4. Return, my soul, to thy sure rest
Upon the Lord's all-bounteous breast;
He dries the tears of the distressed;
So on His Name I call!
5. Yea, Thou hast saved my life from death,
So that my foot ne'er staggereth;
I'll serve Thee while Thou giv'st me breath;
So on Thy Name I call!
6. Still I believe; though in my haste,
With bitterest affliction faced,
"All men are liars," I professed;
So on His Name I call!
7. How shall I render worthy praise
To God, whose mercies crown my days?
The cup of blessing will I raise,
So on His Name I call!
*The Lord looks down with heedful eye
Whene'er His well-loved people die.*
8. Myself Thy servant, Lord, I own,
Thy servant, and Thine handmaid's son;
I offer thanks before Thy throne;
The bonds that fettered me are gone;
So on Thy Name I call!
9. To Thee, Lord, will I pay my vows,
Where all the congregation bows
With solemn reverence in Thine house
Where Zion lifts her rocky brows;
So on Thy Name I call!

PSALM CXVII.

A trimeter tetrastich, calling on all the world to worship
Jehovah.

Hallelujah!

Praise the Lord, ye nations all!
Let the world hold festival!
For His mercy is most sure,
And His truth shall still endure.

PSALM CXVIII.

A responsive processional Psalm in two parts. The first part was sung by the leader and the people, as the procession moved through the streets of Jerusalem to the Temple, and consists of four six-line strophes of trimeters. The second was sung when the Temple was reached, by the priest and people alternately, and is in three four-line strophes of trimeters. The usual liturgical formula of praise is placed at the beginning and end, and there are several amplifying glosses. It was probably composed in honour of the Maccabæan victories over the Syrians.

Hallelujah!

*Praise God for all His goodness past!
His mercy shall for ever last.*

Part I.

1. Leader: O let the house of Israel say,
People: His mercy shall for ever last;
Leader: O let the house of Aaron say,
People: His mercy shall for ever last;
Leader: Let those who fear Jehovah say,
People: His mercy shall for ever last.
2. Leader: Out of my straits on God I cried;
He heard my prayer and set me free.
I fear not; God is on my side;
What hurt can man inflict on me?
Jehovah is my Helper strong;
My foes can never do me wrong.

*'Tis better far to trust the Lord than all
mankind beside;
'Tis better far to trust the Lord than
princes in their pride.*
3. Leader: All nations compassed me about;
People: In God's great name I cut them off;
Leader: They compassed me with boast and shout;
People: In God's great name I cut them off;
Leader: Like bees they swarmed in angry rout;

Their blaze of thorns was soon put out!
People: In God's great name I cut them off.

*Jehovah helped me when my life with cruel
strokes they sought;
Jehovah is my strength and song, and hath
salvation wrought.*

4. Leader: Hark! 'Tis a shout of victory!
People: The Lord's right hand doth valiant deeds.
Leader: Our righteous hosts Hosanna cry!
People: The Lord's right hand doth valiant deeds.
Leader: The Lord's right hand is lifted high!
People: The Lord's right hand doth valiant deeds!
*I shall not die, but live to tell
How God's hand doeth all things well.
The Lord hath sorely chastened me,
But from Death's snare He set me free.*

Part II.

1. People: Come, open Zedek's¹ gates to me
That I to God may bend the knee!
Priest: This gate doth to the Lord belong;
The just alone its portals throng.
*I bless the Lord who answered me,
And crowned my head with victory.*

2. People: The stone the builders cast away
Is made the corner-stone to-day.
Priest: This marvel did the Lord devise,
And it is wondrous in our eyes.

3. People: This is the day the Lord hath made;
In it our gladness be displayed!
*Jehovah, now give victory!
Jehovah, send prosperity!*
Priest: Blessed are ye who seek His face!
We bless you from His holy place.
*The Lord Jehovah gives us light,
It shineth from His altar bright!
With waving boughs begin the rite!
Thou art my God, Thy praise I sing!
And bless Thy name, my Lord and King!
Praise God for all His goodness past!
His mercy shall for ever last.*

1. An ancient name for Jerusalem, two of whose kings were called Melchi-zedek (King of Zedek), and Adoni-zedek (Lord of Zedek).

PSALM CXIX.

This wonderful meditation on the glories of the Law is the most artificial of all the Psalms. It is arranged in twenty-two strophes of eight pentameters each, and each of the eight lines of each strophe begins with the same letter, in the order of the Hebrew alphabet. This I have endeavoured to imitate, and, as there are only twenty-two letters in the Hebrew alphabet, I have omitted in the English the letters K, Q, X and Z. Further, in each strophe eight terms for the Law occur, one in each line—namely, Law, Testimonies, Word, Sayings, Precepts, Commands, Judgments, and Statutes. Copyists have altered in some cases this, which was the clear intention of the author; but I have followed Dr. Briggs in emending some of the lines so as to secure the consistent carrying out of this device. I have not, however, rearranged the order of the lines according to his scheme, but have followed the Hebrew (and English) order, partly because his scheme is quite tentative, partly for the convenience of the English reader. Again, an effect of assonance is secured by the repetition in every line of the possessive affix of the second person pronoun singular, which is indicated in the translation by the recurrence of the words Thine or Thy. In trying to reproduce all these features of the original, I have not succeeded in avoiding some stiffness, and also some freedom, in the translation, for which I ask the indulgence of my readers.

A.

1. **A** bove all others blest are they who make Thy LAW
their guide,
- A** nd who Thy TESTIMONIES keep, and never turn
aside.
- A** bsolved from all iniquity are they that love Thy
WORD.
- A** s Thou hast bid, I would observe Thy PRECEPTS,
gracious Lord.
- A** h! that in all my ways I might observe Thy SAY-
INGS true!
- A** shamed I shall not be whilst I keep Thy COM-
MANDS in view.
- A** ll thanks I give to Thee, nor from Thy JUDGMENTS
will I swerve.
- A** bandon me not utterly; Thy STATUTES I observe.

B.

2. B y heeding well Thy WORD a youth may surely cleanse his way.
B ound is my heart to Thee, from Thy COMMANDS I would not stray.
B eset with sin, within my heart Thy SAYINGS have I stored.
B lessed me Thou! Thy STATUTES unto me unfold, O Lord!
B ehold! the JUDGMENTS of Thy mouth with eager lips I cite.
B efore all riches in Thy TESTIMONIES I delight.
B alm to my soul Thy PRECEPTS are, I ponder on Thy ways.
B eloved is Thy LAW by me; Thy word my soul obeys.

C.

3. C omfort Thy servant! let me live! I hold Thy WORD in awe.
C lear Thou mine eyes that I may see the wonders of Thy LAW!
C onceal Thy SAYINGS not from me, while here on earth I dwell!
C hased into exile, yet I long to know Thy JUDGMENTS well.
C hastise the cursed men who err from Thy COMMANDS in pride!
C lear me from insult and reproach! Thy PRECEPTS are my guide.
C hieftains may plot, but I will muse upon Thy STATUTES, Lord.
C heering Thy TESTIMONIES are, good counsel they afford.

D.

4. D own in the dust my soul doth lie; let Thy WORD quicken me!
D espairing I my ways confessed; Thy STATUTES set me free.

D evoted is my song to Thee; Thy JUDGMENTS make
me wise.

D roopeth my soul in woe; but through Thy SAYINGS
I arise.

D ivert my feet from all false ways, and through
Thy LAW show grace!

D ear unto me is faithfulness; Thy PRECEPTS I
embrace.

D ivine Thy TESTIMONIES are; by them all shame
I shun.

D ispel my fears, for in the way of Thy COMMANDS
I run.

E.

5. E nable me to know Thy LAW, and I will keep it, Lord.

E ngrave Thy PRECEPTS on my heart; they are my
great reward.

E ncourage me to tread the paths of Thy COMMANDS
with speed!

E xpel all avarice! Let my heart Thy TESTIMONIES
heed!

E yes that gaze not on worthlessness O grant me
through Thy WORD!

E stablish Thou Thy SAYINGS, that my soul may fear
Thee, Lord!

E nd the reproach I dread! I own Thy JUDGMENTS
good and true.

E ver Thy STATUTES I desire; my life they still
renew.

F.

6. F ulfil Thy gracious WORD to me! Thy mercy is
my hope.

F irmly I trust Thy SAYINGS; thus with mockers I
can cope.

F ixed on Thy JUDGMENTS is my hope; O take them
not away!

F or ever will I keep Thy LAW, and Thy commands
obey.

F reely I walk at large, for I Thy PRECEPTS still
have sought.

- 'F ore Kings Thy TESTIMONIES I will publish, fearing nought.
- F aithful am I to Thy COMMANDS, their love doth me inflame.
- F or with uplifted hands in song Thy STATUTES I acclaim.

G.

- 7. G raciously think on me, for in Thy WORD fresh hope I see.
- G reat comfort have I in my grief; Thy SAYINGS quicken me.
- G iddy fools scorn me; but I keep Thy TESTIMONIES sure.
- G ladly I ponder days of old; Thy JUDGMENTS are secure.
- G uests of hot wind from those who break Thy LAW have parched my soul.
- G oing through the world, I sing aloud the STATUTES from Thy scroll.
- G roping in darkness, still I think of Thee and Thy COMMANDS.
- G lorious reward Thy PRECEPTS give to him who sin withstands.

H.

- 8. H elp me, O Lord, to keep Thy WORD, for Thou my portion art!
- H eed Thou Thy gracious SAYINGS, I entreat with all my heart.
- H onage Thy TESTIMONIES claimed, when on my ways I thought.
- H asting I set aside delay, and Thy COMMANDS I sought.
- H eild in the snares of wicked men, I keep Thy LAW in mind.
- H oly Thy JUDGMENTS are; in them comfort by night I find.
- H im that observes Thy PRECEPTS still I make my bosom-friend.

H ow good Thou art! grant that I may Thy
STATUTES comprehend!

I.

9. I nstructed by Thy WORD, I win great favour at
Thy hands.
I nspire me with discernment, for I trust in Thy
COMMANDS.
I erred before I suffered; now Thy SAYINGS I will
mind.
I nscribe Thy STATUTES on my heart; for Thou
art ever kind.
I nsolent men have slandered me; Thy PRECEPTS
set me right.
I mbued with grossness is their heart; Thy LAW is
my delight.
I n my affliction I have learned Thy TESTIMONIES
well.
I prize the JUDGMENTS of Thy mouth; all riches
they excel.

J.

10. J ehovah, Thy hands fashioned me Thy just COM-
MANDS to learn.
J oyful Thy people see that to Thy WORD my hopes
all turn.
J ewels of truth and faithfulness Thy JUDGMENTS
are, I know.
J ust as Thy SAYINGS, Lord, attest, Thy grace on
me bestow!
J ustify me, that I may live, and in Thy LAW delight!
J eerers shall be ashamed, whilst I Thy PRECEPTS
still recite.
J oin me with those who know and own Thy TESTI-
MONIES' claim!
J oy in Thy STATUTES fills my heart; they ne'er
will cause me shame.

L.

11. L onging for Thy salvation, all my hope is in Thy
WORD.

L o, weary are mine eyes to see Thy gracious SAYINGS, Lord.
L ike a dried wine-skin in the smoke, Thy STATUTES still I keep.
L et me behold Thy JUDGMENTS wrought! How long shall vengeance sleep?
L ook at the pits the proud have dug for me, who love Thy LAW!
L ies dog my steps; but Thy COMMANDS are faithful without flaw.
L ord, I had almost perished; but Thy PRECEPTS were my stay.
L et me still live! I will not from Thy TESTIMONIES stray.

M.

12. M aintained and fixed in heaven is Thy WORD for evermore.
M ade by Thy hand the earth abides; Thy SAYINGS stand as sure.
M ost firm Thy JUDGMENTS stand this day, for all things serve Thy will.
M augre affliction, yea, or death, Thy LAW delights me still.
M indful of all Thy STATUTES will I be, my life are they.
M y soul is Thine; O save me! for Thy PRECEPTS I obey.
M en seek my life; but firm as rock Thy TESTIMONIES stand.
M aturest human schemes decay; but broad is Thy COMMAND.

N.

13. N ought love I like Thy LAW; it is my musing all the day;
N one of my foes is wise as I, who Thy COMMANDS obey.
N ew light Thy TESTIMONIES shed beyond my tutors' lore.

N ought from my elders need I learn; Thy PRECEPTS
teach me more.

N o evil way will I pursue; Thy WORD will I observe.

N o teacher but Thyself I need, nor from Thy JUDG-
MENTS swerve.

N ot honey is as sweet as are Thy SAYINGS to my
taste.

N ever can I love lies; for I Thy STATUTES have
embraced.

O.

14. O n all my paths Thy WORD sheds light, and shines
upon my way.

O ath have I taken to observe Thy JUDGMENTS true
alway.

O ppressed with sore affliction, let Thy SAYINGS
quicken me!

O teach me all Thy STATUTES, and accept my offer-
ing free!

O bedient to Thy LAW am I, though it may cost
my life.

O nward I fare in Thy COMMANDS, through hostile
snares and strife.

O h! joy Thy TESTIMONIES give! My heritage is
sure.

O nly Thy PRECEPTS are my prize; I love them more
and more.

P.

15. P revarication I detest; Thy LAW I love, O Lord!

P rotected by Thy shielding grace, my hope is in Thy
WORD.

P erverse backsliders shall be slain; but Thy COM-
MANDS I keep.

P reserve me by Thy SAYINGS; let my hope due
harvest reap!

P lace me in safety, for I make Thy STATUTES my
delight.

P erverters of Thy PRECEPTS for their lies do Thou
requite!

P raised be Thy TESTIMONIES! for the wicked Thou dost slay.

P rostrate with awe I tremble, as Thy JUDGMENTS I survey.

R.

16. R edeem me from mine enemies! Thy JUDGMENTS have I done.

R elease me from oppressors proud; Thy WORD my trust hath won.

R ighteous Thy SAYINGS are; mine eyes for Thy salvation yearn.

R egard Thy servant graciously; let me Thy STATUTES learn!

R eveal Thy TESTIMONIES to my soul; for Thine am I.

R ouse Thyself, Lord! for it is time; Thy LAW they do defy.

R icher than gold, yea, much fine gold, are Thy COMMANDS, I say.

R ancour and falsehood I detest; Thy PRECEPTS guide my way.

S.

17. S ublime Thy TESTIMONIES stand; I keep them all in mind.

S ouls that are simple read Thy WORD, and understanding find.

S ee how I pant with open mouth, athirst for Thy COMMANDS!

S uccour the man who loves Thy name, and by Thy JUDGMENTS stands!

S tablish my goings, Lord! From sin Thy SAYINGS set me free.

S ave me from man's oppression, for Thy PRECEPTS are my plea!

S hine graciously upon me, and Thy STATUTES let me know!

S treams of hot tears burst from mine eyes, when men Thy LAW o'erthrew.

T.

18. T hou, Lord, art righteous, and upright Thy JUDGMENTS I confess.
 T hy TESTIMONIES Thou didst found on truth and righteousness.
 T ransgressors of Thy WORD inspire my soul with angry zeal.
 T ried am I in the fire, but, Lord, I love Thy SAYINGS still.
 T hy PRECEPTS I will not forget, though I am small and poor.
 T hy LAW is true, Thy righteousness shall last for evermore.
 T rouble has gripped me, but in Thy COMMANDS is my delight.
 T each me Thy STATUTES, so shall they direct my paths aright.

U.

19. U plifted is my heart to Thee; I love Thy STATUTES all.
 U nbroken I Thy TESTIMONIES keep; O hear my call!
 U prising ere the dawn I pray; my hope is in Thy WORD.
 U nwearied through the night I muse upon Thy SAYINGS, Lord.
 U phold me by Thy JUDGMENTS! Of Thy mercy is my song.
 U unruly men, who hate Thy LAW, draw near to do me wrong.
 U pright are Thy COMMANDS, O Lord; draw near, my cause uphold!
 U nchangeable Thy PRECEPTS are; I know them from of old.

V.

20. V iew my distress, and rescue me! Thy LAW I keep in mind.
 V ouchsafe to hear and plead my cause! Life in Thy WORD I find.

V ain are the hopes of sinners, who Thy STATUTES
 will not see.
V ast is Thy mercies' sum; O by Thy JUDGMENTS
 quicken me!
V exed with a crowd of foes, I love Thy TESTI-
 MONIES still.
V ehement is my hate of those who treat Thy SAY-
 INGS ill.
V isit me in Thy mercy! In Thy PRECEPTS I delight.
V alid for ever is Thy truth, and Thy COMMANDS
 are right.

W.

21. W hile princes persecute my soul, I reverence Thy
 WORD.
W ar hath no richer spoils than those Thy SAYINGS
 can afford.
W ith bitter scorn I loathe a lie; Thy STATUTES I
 adore,
W hile seven times a day I praise Thy JUDGMENTS
 evermore.
W ithout all fear of stumbling, they have peace who
 love Thy LAW.
W aiting for Thy salvation, Thy COMMANDS I keep
 with awe.
W ith love Thy TESTIMONIES I within my heart do
 hide.
W ithin Thy sight are all my ways; Thy PRECEPTS
 are my guide.

Y.

22. Y ield to my plea, and make me wise according to
 Thy WORD!
Y ea, let Thy SAYINGS rescue me, and hear my
 prayer, O Lord!
Y ear in, year out, I sing Thy praise, who dost Thy
 STATUTES teach.
Y ea, all Thy righteous JUDGMENTS shall be sub-
 ject of my speech.
Y et let Thy hand protect me, for Thy PRECEPTS
 are my choice.

Y earning for Thy salvation, in Thy LAW do I rejoice.
 Y ea, let me live and praise Thee for Thy TESTI-
 MONIES' aid!
 Y et do I think on Thy COMMANDS, though like a
 sheep I strayed.

PSALM CXX.

A Pilgrim Song.

This is the first of a collection of fifteen short Psalms, headed "Songs of Ascents" or "Goings up," sc., to Jerusalem. They were doubtless contained in a small roll for the use of the pilgrims on their way to celebrate the great national feasts. They are all in hexameter tetrastiches. This particular Psalm suggests that the Pilgrims had to camp on their way near to tribes of Bedawins, who were ready enough to attack and despoil them. It is in two strophes of four lines each.

1. In distress upon Jehovah I will call; He hears my cry.
 From deceitful tongues O save me, and from lips that
 speak a lie!
 What reward in fullest measure for such tongues doth
 God prepare?
 Keenest arrows of the warrior, glowing coals of juniper!
2. Woe is me, that I must sojourn where the tribes of
 Meshech dwell!
 Where among the tents of Kedar treachery stands
 sentinel!
 Oh, too long have I been camping with these men who
 peace abhor!
 Peace is what my soul desireth; but their mind is bent
 on war.

PSALM CXXI.

A Pilgrim Song.

The Pilgrim starting on his journey to the sacred mountains of Jerusalem is alarmed at the prospect of the perils of the way; but he is reassured by a second speaker, who reminds him of the help that Jehovah always gives His people. It is in two hexameter tetrastiches.

1. A. I am looking to the mountains! Whence to me shall help be given?
B. Help is from Jehovah only, who created earth and heaven.
A. May He save my feet from stumbling! May my Guardian never sleep!
B. Nay, He neither sleeps nor slumbers, who His Israel doth keep.
2. B. For Jehovah is thy keeper, stands beside thee in His might;
Neither shall the sun at noon-tide smite thee, nor the moon by night.
He shall keep thee safe from evil, He shall keep thy life secure;
He shall keep thy going out and coming in for evermore!

PSALM CXXII.

A Pilgrim Song; of David.

The Pilgrims have now reached Jerusalem, which, with its closely packed buildings, is in such striking contrast to the villages from which they have come. It is in two hexameter tetrastiches, with a line of gloss added, which has occasioned its attribution in the title to David.

1. "We are on our way to Zion!"—joyfully I heard them say;
Still more joyful in the City do we set our feet to-day.
O Jerusalem! thy buildings stand compact in stately throng;

Thither do Jehovah's people come to praise His Name
in song.

*There are set the thrones of judgment that to David's
house belong.*

2. Pray for Zion's peace, and crave for all who love her
good success!

Peace be in thy walls, and gladness dwell within thy
palaces!

For the sake of my companions I will ever seek thy
peace;

For the Temple's sake I pray, "May thy prosperity
increase!"

PSALM CXXIII.

A Pilgrim Song.

A single tetrastich of hexameters, with introverted parallelism, the last line answering to the first. It is a beautiful little act of devotion, suitable for any stage of the journey. A Maccabæan editor has added a trimeter pentastich quite out of harmony with the quiet feeling of the original.

Unto Thee mine eyes are lifted, Thou that sitt'st enthroned in heaven!

As the eyes of faithful servants heed with care their lord's command;

As the eyes of loyal maidens closely watch their lady's hand;

So our eyes to Thee are looking, till Thy gracious help be given.

O be gracious, Lord, be gracious!

We are overwhelmed with scorn;

Yea, with mockery audacious

By our enemies rapacious

We are wholly overborne!

PSALM CXXIV.

A Pilgrim Song; of David.

A bright little lyric of confidence in Jehovah, based on His former deliverances of Israel. It is in two hexameter tetra-stiches; a single line of gloss has been added. The ascription of Davidic authorship may have been suggested by the resemblances to Pss. xi. and xviii.

1. If the Lord had not stood by us, now may grateful Israel say,

If the Lord had not stood by us, when they rose our soul to slay;

Then alive had we been swallowed, when their anger burned like fire;

Then the flood had overwhelmed us, swelling higher still and higher.

Then the raging waters would have drowned us in destruction dire.

2. Bless the Lord, who hath not given us for their cruel teeth to tear!

We are like a bird that gladly hath escaped the fowler's snare;

Lo! the cunning snare was broken, and the bird away did fly!

For our help is in Jehovah, Him who made both earth and sky!

PSALM CXXV.

A Pilgrim Song.

A single tetra-stich of hexameters, suggested by the sight of Jerusalem encircled by the mountains, which made an enemy's approach so difficult. Two later glosses have been added.

Those who trust in God are ever, like Mount Zion, fixed and sure;

With the mountains round about her, sits Jerusalem secure;

So the Lord surrounds His people with His everlasting love;
Never shall a tyrant's sceptre from his lot the righteous
move.

*Lest the righteous in his trouble should iniquity
approve.*

*O Jehovah, be Thou gracious to the men of upright
mind!*

*But their doom with evil-doers let perverse transgres-
sors find!*

Peace in Israel be enshrined!

PSALM CXXVI.

A Pilgrim Song.

This song is suggested by the sight of Jerusalem restored to prosperity, after her destruction by the Babylonian invaders. Dr. Briggs sees in it only a prayer for a fruitful season after drought; but this is, I think, rather a metaphorical figure for general prosperity. It is in two hexameter tetraстиches.

- When the Lord restoreth Zion, then are we like men
that dream;
Then our mouth is filled with laughter, and our eyes
with gladness gleam;
Then they say among the nations, "Great things hath
Jehovah done!"
Yea, great things Jehovah doeth; joyfully we think
thereon.
- Lord, refresh us with Thy favour, as do streams the
desert land!
May they reap with jubilation who have sown with
anxious hand!
He that goeth forth with weeping, watering his seed
with tears,
May he come again rejoicing, bringing home the golden
ears!

PSALM CXXVII.

A Pilgrim Song; of Solomon.

This includes two independent songs. Each is a single strophe of hexameters. The first is suggested by the sight of the rebuilt City and Temple, and is associated with the name of Solomon as the founder of the Temple. The second is a song of thanksgiving for restored domestic prosperity and fruitfulness.

A.

If the Lord build not the dwelling, all the builder's toil is vain;

If the Lord keep not the City, watchful guard brings little gain.

Vain it is to rise up early, and protracted vigil keep
Eating bread of toil;—He blesseth His belovéd whilst they sleep.

B.

Lo! the prize of fruitful wedlock doth the Lord in grace allot;

Like a mighty warrior's arrows are the sons in youth begot;
Happy is the man whose quiver holds of such a plenteous store;

They shall never be confounded when they face their foes in war.

PSALM CXXVIII.

A Pilgrim Song.

A lyric describing the domestic happiness of the restored Jerusalem. It is in two hexameter tetrastiches. Dr. Briggs regards the second strophe as a gloss, but I see no adequate reason for this. There is a final gloss, praying for the peace of Israel.

1. Happy he who fears Jehovah, walking in His righteous way!

Happy be thou, when thou sittest at thy board at close of day!

May thy wife within thy dwelling flourish like a fruitful vine!

May thy sons, like olive-branches, round about thy table twine!

2. Thus shall he who fears Jehovah be rewarded by His grace;
He shall bless thee out of Zion, His most glorious dwelling-place.
In Jerusalem's good fortune thou shalt all thy days delight,
And thy children's children surely shall rejoice thy happy sight.

Israel's peace be infinite!

PSALM CXXIX.

A Pilgrim Song.

A song of hope, based upon the former deliverances of Israel. It is in two hexameter tetrastiches.

1. Sorely have I been afflicted from my youth, let Israel say;
Sorely have I been afflicted; but I yield not to dismay.
For the wicked with their plough-shares scored my back
with furrows long;
But the Lord their plough-straps severed, vindicated me
from wrong.
2. O let all the foes of Zion be turned back and overthrown!
Like the grass upon the house-tops, withered ere 'tis
fully grown.
It no reaper's hand can gather, nor can bind it into
sheaves;
And the passer-by no blessing with the toiling labourers
leaves.

PSALM CXXX.

A Pilgrim Song.

A penitent's prayer for pardon and deliverance. It is in two hexameter tetrastiches.

1. From the unplumbed depths of sorrow unto Thee, O Lord, I cry!
Hear my voice, and in Thy mercy to my bitter plaint reply!
Should'st Thou mark our sins with strictness, who from trespass could be cleared?
But with Thee, O Lord, is pardon, that Thy Law may be revered.
2. On the Lord my soul is waiting; in His word my hope I place;
Yea, from morning unto morning I am looking for His grace.
With the Lord is full redemption, mercy more than tongue can tell;
For from all his sore transgressions He redeems His Israel.

PSALM CXXXI.

A Pilgrim Song; of David.

A single tetrastich of hexameters, expressing the humility and confidence of the poet. The figure is that of an infant, already satisfied, and no longer crying for nourishment, but resting quietly on his mother's bosom. A line of gloss has been added later.

Lord, my heart is not uplifted, and mine eyes look not too high;
I am not concerned with wonders which above my reason lie.
Surely in composed reflection I have stilled my soul to rest,
Like a weaned child who nestles quiet on his mother's breast.

Hope, O Israel, in Jehovah, in His love for ever blest!

PSALM CXXXII.

A Pilgrim Song.

The sight of Mount Zion recalls to the pilgrims the story of how David brought the Ark thither from Kirjath-Jearim, and the promise of God to establish His throne there for ever. It is in four tetrastiches of hexameters, to which have been added some amplificatory glosses.

1. Lord, remember all the troubles by King David undergone!
How he sware unto Jehovah, vowed to Jacob's Mighty One:—
“ My own house I will not enter, nor upon my couch take rest,
“ *Slumber shall not seal mine eyelids, nor with sleep will I be blest,*
“ Till I place the tabernacle of the Lord where seems Him best.”
2. At Ephratah we heard tidings of the Ark at Jearim.
In God's glorious tabernacle we will humbly worship Him!
Rise, O Lord Jehovah, enter with Thine Ark Thy resting-place!
Let Thy priests be clothed with justice, while Thy people shout Thy praise!
For Thy servant David's sake, reject not Thine anointed one!
3. Lo! Jehovah sware to David, nor His oath will He disown:—
“ Of the children thou begettest I will set upon thy throne.
“ If thy sons observe My statutes, and to My commands submit,
“ Their sons, too, in line unending, on thy royal throne shall sit.”
4. For the Lord hath chosen Zion, and desired her for His own:—
“ Here will I abide for ever, seated on My royal throne;

"Rich provision will I give her, feed her poor with bread
always;

"Clothe her priests with My salvation, while My people
shout My praise!"

*"David's horn again shall blossom, and his lamp I
will relume;*

*"I will clothe his foes with shame; but on himself
his crown shall bloom."*

PSALM CXXXIII.

A Pilgrim Song; of David.

A single tetrastich of hexameters, celebrating the joys of
fraternal love in the restored community. A brief gloss
introduces the name of Aaron.

Lo! how lovely is the blessing which from peace and union
flows!

Like the fragrant oil which floweth from the head upon
the clothes;

Yea, to Aaron's beard it goes!

Like the precious dew of Hermon, which descends on
Zion's hill;

There the gift of life eternal on His saints doth God distill.

PSALM CXXXIV.

A Pilgrim Song.

The last of the Pilgrim Songs, calling upon the Temple
choir to praise Jehovah both by day and night. It is a single
tetrastich of hexameters.

Bless Jehovah, ye His servants! Pay to Him your joyful
vows!

Bless Jehovah, ye whose station is within His holy House!

Bless Jehovah! Through the darkness raise your hands
and voices high!

Bless Jehovah in Mount Zion, for He made both earth
and sky!

PSALM CXXXV.

This is a Hallel Psalm to be sung in the Temple-service. This original Psalm is in three six-line strophes of trimeters; but many glosses have been added from Exodus and Deuteronomy, and specially from Psalm cxv. In the last strophe a response, "Bless Jehovah," is appended to each line.

Hallelujah!

1. Praise Jehovah's glorious Name!

Ye, His servants, shout His fame!
Ye, that in His Temple wait
Where He keeps His royal state,
Praise the Lord, for it is meet,
And to hymn His name is sweet.

*Jacob is His chosen race;
Israel His peculiar praise.*

*Verily the Lord is great,
Holds above all gods His state.*

*All things bow to His command,
Heaven and earth, and sea and land.*

*At His word the mists arise,
Lightnings flash across the skies;
Rain falls from the riven cloud:
From His caves the winds blow loud.*

2. Egypt's first-born He o'erthrew;

Man and beast alike He slew;
Signs and wonders Egypt saw;
Pharaoh's servants shrank in awe.

Many nations did He smite,
Puissant kings He put to flight;
Sihon, the Amorites' dread lord;
Og of Bashan, all that horde;
Gave their lands to Israel,
Caused His people there to dwell.

*Lord, Thy Name endures alway;
Praise to Thee each age shall pay.*
Seated on His judgment throne,
God has mercy on His own.

*Human hands their idols made,
With gold and silver overlaid;
Mouths they have, but dumb they be;
Eyes they have, but cannot see;
Ears they have, but cannot hear;
Mouths; but lo! no breath is there!
Be their makers dead as they,
And all who such false gods obey!*

3. O ye sons of Israel,
 Bless ye the Lord!
Ye in Aaron's tents who dwell,
 Bless ye the Lord!
Ye who come of Levi's race,
 Bless ye the Lord!
Ye who seek Jehovah's face,
 Bless ye the Lord!
He on Zion sets His throne;
 Bless ye the Lord!
Calls Jerusalem His own;
 Bless ye the Lord!

PSALM CXXXVI.

A Hallel, arranged for antiphonal performance by a solo voice and chorus. According to Dr. Briggs' analysis, the original Psalm consisted of two six-line strophes of trimeters; then the number of lines was made up to 22, with the intention of making it an alphabetical Psalm; and finally a liturgical couplet was prefixed, and a couplet gloss was added after the last line but one, and a liturgical line was appended. I have thought it best to give the Psalm here in its second stage, which was no doubt the one used in the Temple-service, with the later glosses, as usual, in italics. The choral refrain is to be repeated after each line.

Hallelujah!

*To the Lord your praise outpour,
For His mercies still endure!*

Praise Jehovah, God of Gods!

Refrain:—For His mercies still endure!

Praise the sovereign Lord of Lords!

Refrain:—For His mercies still endure!

Wondrous might He hath displayed;
Refrain:—For His mercies still endure!

By His word the heavens were made;
Refrain:—For His mercies still endure!

O'er the abyss the earth He laid.
Refrain:—For His mercies still endure!

Then He filled the world with light;
Refrain:—For His mercies still endure!

Day by day the sun shone bright;
Refrain:—For His mercies still endure!

And the moon and stars by night.
Refrain:—For His mercies still endure!

Egypt's first-born sons He slew;
Refrain:—For His mercies still endure!

Brought His chosen Israel through;
Refrain:—For His mercies still endure!

His strong hand their foes o'erthrew.
Refrain:—For His mercies still endure!

He the Red Sea did divide;
Refrain:—For His mercies still endure!

Led His people through the tide;
Refrain:—For His mercies still endure!

Cut off Pharaoh in his pride;
Refrain:—For His mercies still endure!

Through the waste did Israel guide.
Refrain:—For His mercies still endure!

Puissant kings His hand o'erthrew,
Refrain:—For His mercies still endure!

Noble kings in wrath He slew;
Refrain:—For His mercies still endure!

Sihon the Amorites' dread lord;
Refrain:—For His mercies still endure!

Og of Bashan and his horde;
Refrain:—For His mercies still endure!

Gave their lands to Israel;
Refrain:—For His mercies still endure!

Caused His people there to dwell.
Refrain:—For His mercies still endure!

He thought upon our low estate

Refrain: For His mercies still endure!

And saved us from our foemen's hate.

Refrain: For His mercies still endure!

Bread to all flesh hath He given!

Refrain:—For His mercies still endure!

Praise, O praise the God of Heaven!

Refrain: For His mercies still endure!

PSALM CXXXVII.

This Psalm was composed soon after the beginning of the Captivity in Babylon. The last strophe is a denunciation, not of Babylon, but of the Edomites, whose cruelty to the Jews at the time of the siege of Jerusalem awakened their bitterest resentment. At a much later time a line was added to this strophe, making Babylon the object of the poet's indignation. The Psalm is in three strophes of four lines each, in the pentameter measure.

1. Beside the streams of Babylon we sat us down and wept,
We hung our harps amid the trees, and mournful
silence kept;
For there our captors asked of us a very bitter thing:—
“Some song of Zion let us hear! Lift up your voice
and sing!”
2. How can we sing Jehovah's songs in this far, foreign
land?
If I forget Jerusalem, rotted be my right hand!
Be my tongue paralysed, if I do not remember thee!
If I count not Jerusalem my chiefest joy to be!
3. Recall what Edom did, when foes encompassed Zion
round,
Who cried, “Down with her! down with her! yea, even
to the ground!”
*O Babylon, a day will come when blood for blood
atones!*
Blessed be he who shall avenge on thee our bitter
groans,
Who dasheth out thine infants' brains upon the pitiless
stones!

PSALM CXXXVIII.

A Davidic Psalm.

This is the first of a series of eight Psalms taken from the old Davidic Psalter by the final editor of the book. It is in three six-line strophes of trimeters, the first two being in three couplets, the last in two tristiches. There are a couple of glosses in the first strophe. The device of assonance (see Ps. vi.) is carried out by the repetition of the second personal pronoun singular in each line, except the first in Strophe 3, where there is probably some textual corruption.

1. I give Thee thanks with all my heart;
Before the gods I sing Thy praise;
And worship toward Thy holy place;
I tell mankind how good Thou art,
How faithful in Thy works and ways;
For Thou Thy word hast magnified,
Thou answer'dst, when on Thee I cried;
My soul with strength Thou hast supplied.
2. All kings on earth exalt Thy Name,
For they have seen Thy words fulfilled;
They sing Thy praise with glad acclaim;
Thy matchless might their souls hath thrilled.
They see Thee, Lord, exalted high,
And from afar Thy strength descry.
3. Although my troubles still increase,
Thou dost oppose mine enemies,
And savest me by Thy right hand;
Thy benefits to me are sure;
O let Thy mercy still endure,
Yea, let Thy steadfast purpose stand!

PSALM CXXXIX.

From the Director's Psalter. A Psalm of David.

The original Psalm (A) is in nine four-line strophes of trimeters, with amplificatory glosses in the sixth and seventh strophes, and a remarkable and doubtless later profession of faith in the resurrection at the end of Strophe 7. Dr. Briggs

divides it into two Psalms, taking Strophe 4-6 as an independent poem, but I cannot see the necessity for this. A second Psalm (B) of Maccabæan date has been inserted between the two last strophes of (A), and to this again glosses have been added.

A.

1. Lord, my inmost thoughts are known
Unto Thee, and Thee alone;
When I rest and when I rise,
All is plain to Thy clear eyes.
2. Yea, my path and lying down
Both alike to Thee are known;
Ere my tongue can speak a word,
It is known to Thee, O Lord!
3. Thou dost watch on every side,
Me beneath Thine hand dost hide;
O, such knowledge is too high
For a mortal to descry!
4. Whither can I go from Thee?
Whither from Thy Spirit flee?
If to Heaven I should fare,
Or to Hell, Thou still art there.
5. If to furthest dawn I fly,
Or to western ocean hie,
There Thine hand o'ershadows me,
Grips me fast, where'er I be.
6. Should I say, "No dawning light
"Shall illuminate my night;"
Darkness cannot hide me; nay,
Darkness shineth as the day.
*For the darkness and the light
Are the same to Thy clear sight.*
7. Thou didst form me in the gloom,
Covered in my mother's womb;
For Thy deeds I give Thee praise,
Full of mystery and grace;
I Thy wonders cannot tell,
But my heart Thou knowest well.

Thou my growing frame didst trace,
Fashioned in that secret place.

*Surely from the world below
I shall rise, Thy power to show!*

8. Thou my future lot didst see
Written in Thy book for me;
All my days in order set,
When not one had dawned as yet.

B.

1. Precious are Thy friends to me,
Though they live in poverty;
Countless as the sands they be!

*When from death I wake,
My place with Thee I'll take!*

Mayest Thou the wicked slay,
Leave me, O ye bloody men!
For their speech is false alway.
And they take Thy name in vain.

2. Do I not hate all Thy foes?
Loathe the men who Thee oppose?
Yea, I hate them utterly,
Count them enemies to me.

A.

9. Search me, Lord, and know my mind!
Try me, and my motives find!
Let my sins be all forgiven!
Lead me in the way to heaven!

PSALM CXL.

From the Director's Psalter. A Psalm of David.

This Psalm is quite in the style of the other Davidic Psalms. It is in three six-line strophes of tetrameters, but a pentastich of Maccabæan character has been added, and also a liturgical tetristich as an appropriate conclusion.

1. Preserve me, Lord, from bad men's bickerings,
And rescue me from men of violence!
For in their minds they purpose evil things,
And all the day they strive to cause offence;
Like poisonous serpents they make sharp their tongue,
With viper's venom 'neath their lips, they do me wrong.
(Interlude.)
2. Keep me, Jehovah, from their wicked hands!
From men of violence, O set me free!
Their purpose is to catch me in their bands,
And arrogantly they hide traps for me;
Their cords they spread around me like a net,
And in my daily walks their cunning snares they set.
(Interlude.)
3. I say unto the Lord, "My God art Thou!"
O hear my supplication when I pray!
Thee, Lord, my Rock and Fortress I avow,
Who covered'st my head in battle's day.
May their designs by Thee be frustrated!
Let not these wicked plotters lift their haughty head!
(Interlude.)
*May those who hem me round be overthrown
By their own lips! Rain on them coals of fire!
In the profound abyss may they lie prone!
Let not these babblers unto power aspire!
Let evil hunt them down to Hell and vengeance dire!

Thou wilt uphold the men that suffer wrong;
The poor shall be set right, and that ere long.
The righteous shall give thanks to Thy great Name,
And in Thy presence celebrate Thy fame.*

PSALM CXLI.

A Psalm of David.

A prayer to be offered at the time of the evening sacrifice. It is in four four-line strophes of tetrameters. Between the third and fourth strophes a gloss of Maccabæan date has been inserted, invoking vengeance on the Syrian governors appointed by Antiochus Epiphanes.

1. O Lord, on Thee I call; make haste to me,
And hear my voice, when I appeal to Thee!
My prayer, like incense, unto Thee shall rise,
As I present my evening sacrifice.
2. O Lord, preserve my mouth from perilous slips,
And strictly guard the portal of my lips!
Let not my thoughts to wickedness incline,
Nor suffer me to form a base design!
3. But as for those who fain would mischief make,
I will not of their dainties once partake;
*But let the righteous smite me, or reprove,
I shall receive it as a sign of love.*
Let not their precious ointments touch my head!
Against them will I pray, till life be fled.
*O that our Governors had been flung down,
Precipitated from the mountain's crown!
That they had burst asunder when they fell!
Their bones been scattered at the mouth of Hell!*
4. O hear my words, as sweetly they arise!
For unto Thee, O Lord, I lift mine eyes.
Thou art my help; Thy servant's life O spare!
Nor let my feet be taken in their snare!
*In their own snares let wicked men be caught,
Whilst I rejoice to see them come to nought!*

PSALM CXLII.

A Meditation of David, when he was in the cave. A Prayer.

This Psalm seems to have been taken from the group including Pss. li.-lxiii., in which historical settings are suggested for each Psalm. It is not clear whether in this particular case the editor was thinking of the Cave of Adullam (I. Sam. xxii.) or the Cave of Engedi (I. Sam. xxiv.). It is in two ten-line strophes of trimeters, and we have again the device of assonance by the occurrence of some form of the first personal pronoun singular in each line. The first strope is arranged couplet, tristich, couplet, tristich; the second, tristich, couplet, couplet, tristich. There are two short glosses.

1. To the Lord aloud I cry,
To the Lord for help I fly!
Unto Him I make my plaint,
With my trouble Him acquaint,
For my heart is sick and faint.
But Thou knowest all my way;
In the path whereon I fare
They have laid a secret snare.
Lord, my loneliness survey!
No one heeds my misery,
And I know not where to flee;
There is none who cares for me.
2. Unto Thee, O Lord, I cry!
On Thy succour I rely;
Send me help before I die!
Listen to my loud complaint!
Yea, behold my sad constraint!
Plots against my life they lay,
By their might my soul dismay.
O from prison set me free
That I may give thanks to Thee,
That my righteous friends may see
That Thou dealest well with me.

PSALM CXLIII.

A Psalm of David.

A highly artificial and ornate lyric, in two five-line strophes of pentameters. There is a triple assonance in each line, due to the occurrence in each of some form of the first or second personal pronoun singular. There are several glosses lacking this device, and mostly quotations from or references to other Psalms.

1. Lord, hear me in Thy faithfulness, and listen to my prayer!
Answer me in Thy righteousness! My heart is torn with care.

*Judge not Thy servant rigorously, nor my offences chide,
 For in Thy sight no mortal man can e'er be justified.
 The enemy pursues my soul, me to the ground doth tread;
 He makes me dwell in darkness dense, as those that are long dead;
 My spirit faints within me, Lord, and all my hope is fled.*

*I think upon the days of old, I meditate Thy deeds,
 I muse upon Thy handiwork, which all my thoughts exceeds.*

*Even as a thirsty land for rain, I lift my hands to Thee;
 O answer me! My spirit pines Thy righteousness to see.
 O Lord, hide not Thy face from me,
 Or to the Pit my soul must flee!*

Let morning bring me mercy; for Thy truth is all my plea.

2. *O make me know Thy way; for unto Thee my soul I lift.
 O save me from mine enemies; salvation is Thy gift.
 Teach me to do Thy will; for on Thy love my life I stake.
 Yea, lead me forth in upright ways, my Lord, for Thy name's sake!
 Quicken me in Thy righteousness! My bonds of sorrow break!*

*And in Thy mercy slay my foes, mine adversaries damn!
 Exterminate mine enemies! for I Thy servant am.*

PSALM CXLIV.

A Davidic Psalm.

This Psalm, as it stands, is a mosaic of many fragments. The first main Psalm is in two four-line strophes of trimeters, each with a tristich refrain. Three distinct glosses, taken from or suggested by earlier Psalms, have been added. The second main Psalm is a fragment of a longer poem, describing the blessedness of God's people. It is in six pentameter lines, with a couplet refrain.

A.

1. Blessed be the Lord my Rock!

He who trains my hands to fight,
Makes my fingers strong to smite,
My refuge in the battle's shock!

*My Protector in the field,
My Deliverer and my Shield,
He who makes the nations yield!*

*What is man that Thou should'st care
Fellowship with him to share?
Man is but a transient breath,
Going swiftly down to death.*

*Bow Thy heavens and come down!
Kindle the mountains by Thy frown!
Let Thy lightnings strike our foe,
Flashing arrows from Thy bow!
With Thine outstretched hand, O God,
Save me from the mighty flood!*

Refrain:—Save me from the alien race,
Who deceive with smiling face,
By perjury their cause disgrace!

2. A new song will I sing to Thee,

With the lyre's full harmony.

Victory is from the Lord;

He saves His king from stroke of sword.

Refrain:—Save me from the alien race,
Who deceive with smiling face,
By perjury their cause disgrace!

B.

Thy sons are full of youthful strength, the towers of their
race;

Thy daughters corner-pillars are, hewn out with tender
grace;

Thy garners with abundance burst, all kinds of store they
yield;

Thy sheep bring forth their thousands, yea, ten thousands
in the field;
Thy cattle never fail to calve; thy flocks and herds increase;
No marchings forth, or loud alarms, disturb thy city's
peace.

Refrain:—Happy is the nation that is in such a case!
Yea, happy is the people that enjoys Jehovah's
grace!

PSALM CXLV.

A Psalm of Praise; of David.

This is an alphabetic Psalm, each line beginning with a successive letter of the Hebrew alphabet. Dr. Briggs arranges it in three seven-line strophes; I have preferred to take it in five four-line strophes of hexameters, with a concluding liturgical couplet.

1. A song of ceaseless blessing I raise unto my King;
B ound by His daily mercies, each day His praise
I'll sing.
2. C ome, join to bless Jehovah, His greatness loud proclaim!
D eclare, all generations, the splendour of His Name!
3. E xalt His glorious honour, proclaim His wondrous
deeds!
4. F or His majestic greatness all human thought ex-
ceeds.
5. G reat is Jehovah's goodness, and justice He approves;
H is grace is ever ready, His anger slowly moves.
6. I n all His vast creation His tender mercies reign;
J oin then, all ye who love Him, His glory to main-
tain!
7. K ing over all He ruleth with unresisted sway;
L et all men know His greatness, His sovereign will
obey!

4. **M**ake known His endless kingdom, from age to age
the same!
Nor doth He crush the fallen, He knows our feeble
frame.
On Him all eyes are waiting, their needful food He
gives,
Providing in His bounty for everything that lives.
5. **Q**uail, sinful men, before Him, for righteous is the
Lord!
Rejoice, all ye who seek Him, and trust His gracious
word!
Sing praises, ye who fear Him! He hears you when
you pray;
The righteous He preserveth, the wicked He will slay.
6. **U**nto Jehovah's glory my mouth shall loudly sing,
While never-ending praises all flesh to Him shall
bring!

PSALM CXLVI.

The first of the group of five Hallelus, with which the Psalter concludes. It is in three six-line strophes of trimeters, with a liturgical phrase prefixed, and a brief gloss or two inserted.

Hallelujah!

Praise Jehovah, O my soul!

1. I'll praise Jehovah while I live,
And to my God make melody.
O trust no promise princes give!
Man cannot a sure helper be;
For he returneth to the dust,
And all his plans aside are thrust.
2. Happy the man whose hopes rely
Upon Jehovah, Jacob's God,
The Maker of the earth and sky,
The ocean's vast immensity;
Whose truth hath ever firmly stood.
The oppressor's rage He doth control,
And fills with bread the hungry soul.

3. The Lord doth set the prisoner free;
 The Lord gives eyesight to the blind;
 The Lord confirms the feeble knee;
 The Lord loves him of upright mind;
 The Lord preserves the sojourners,
 The orphan and the widow spares.
But for the wicked doom prepares.
The Lord shall reign for evermore;
His throne in Zion stands secure.

PSALM CXLVII.

A Hallel, which has been divided into three parts for liturgical use. It is in seven six-line strophes of trimeters.

Hallelujah!

Part I.

1. Praise the Lord with glad acclaim!
 Celebrate His gracious name!
 He rebuilds His Zion's walls,
 And her outcasts home recalls.
 He the broken-hearted cures,
 Bindeth up their gaping sores.
2. Counts the stars in heaven that flame;
 Giveth each of them its name.
 Great is He, and great His might,
 And His wisdom's infinite.
 He restores afflicted worth,
 Flings the wicked to the earth.

Part II.

3. Sing to God! Exalt Him high!
 With the lyre make melody!
 He with clouds the sky o'erspreads,
 Rain upon the earth He sheds;
 Makes the grass the hills adorn,
 Clothes the smiling fields with corn.

4. Beasts with food His hands supply,
And young ravens when they cry.
Of the horse He hath no need,
Nor of swiftest runner's speed;
In His saints is His delight;
Yea, their trust He will requite.

Part III.

5. O Jerusalem, sing praise!
Zion, loud thine anthems raise!
He hath made thy gates so strong,
Blessed thy children's happy throng;
In thy land given Peace her seat;
Filled thee with the finest wheat.
6. To the earth He gives commands
Running swiftly through all lands;
Snow He poureth out like wool,
And, like dust, the hoar-frost cool;
Flings His hail in fragments bright;
Who against His cold can fight?
7. At His word they melt away;
His warm winds the frost affray.
He to Jacob gave His word;
Israel hath His statutes heard.
None else hath He treated so,
For His law they do not know.

Hallelujah!

PSALM CXLVIII.

A Hallel, calling upon all creation to praise Jehovah. It is in five six-line strophes of trimeters.

1. Praise Jehovah throned on high!
Praise Him in the lofty sky!
Praise Him, all ye angel-choir!
Praise Him, all ye hosts of fire!
Praise Him, sun and moon so bright!
Praise Him, all ye stars of light!

2. Praise Him, O ye heavens high!
And ye floods above the sky!
Let them praise Jehovah's name!
By His word He did them frame,
Fixed them firm for evermore;
His decree stands ever sure.
3. Praise Jehovah from the earth,
Dragons who below had birth!
Hail and mist and fire and snow,
Storms, which at His bidding blow!
O ye hills and mountains all!
Fruitful trees and cedars tall!
4. Savage beasts and placid herds,
Creeping things and flying birds!
Kings who o'er the nations reign,
Governors and all your train!
Youths and maids the song renew,
White-haired elders, children too!
5. Let them praise Jehovah's name,
Celebrate His glorious fame!
He transcends the earth and sky;
Let His saints exalt Him high!
He uplifts His Israel,
And amongst His own doth dwell.

Hallelujah!

PSALM CXLIX.

A Hallel, in three six-line strophes of trimeters.

Hallelujah!

1. Sing to God a new-made song!
Ye, His saints, the strain prolong!
Israel, Thy Creator sing!
Sons of Zion, praise your King!
Praise His name in sacred dance,
To the lyre's glad strains advance!

2. In His people God delights,
And for his afflicted fights.
Let His saints His deeds relate,
In His Temple jubilate!
Let their mouth exalt the Lord,
In their hands a two-edged sword,
3. Therewithal to smite their foes,
Punish all who God oppose;
Bind their kings with chains of steel,
Make their nobles vengeance feel!
So to execute His word
To His saints He doth accord.

Hallelujah!

PSALM CL.

A Hallel, forming a doxology to the fifth Book, and, indeed, to the whole Psalter. It is in two six-line strophes of trimeters.

Hallelujah!

1. Praise God for His sanctity!
Praise Him in the spreading sky!
Praise Him for His glorious might!
Praise Him for His strength in fight!
Praise Him, while the horn rings higher!
Praise Him with the harp and lyre!
2. Praise Him, as ye dance around!
Praise Him to the timbrel's sound!
Praise Him with the cymbal's crash!
Praise Him, and your cymbals clash!
Praise Him, all who breathe on earth!
Praise the Lord with holy mirth!

Hallelujah!